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THE GREEK EPIGRAM.

Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere.

IT is a subject of regret, that among the translators who have endeavoured to bestow an English dress on the authors of Greece and Rome, so few have devoted their time to Greek inscriptions, and other fragments bequeathed to us by the earliest antiquity. Some have even taken umbrage at the term *epigram*, as bestowed improperly on a composition containing generally neither point nor equivoque, but a simple memorial of facts not unfrequently trivial, of persons inglorious, or places unknown.

From a specimen of the worst epigrams made by the later collectors, lord Chesterfield was probably led into the error of uttering his interdict against the whole body. Nay, such was that nobleman's vivacity of thinking and speaking, that he not improbably formed his opinion from a hint dropped in conversation, and not from any intimate acquaintance with the species of composition which he has most inconsiderately reviled. A few of his lordship's admirers caught the idea, and ignorance and stupidity joined in the hue and cry, led on by fashion and ability.

The exploded epigrams found an admirer in Dr. Johnson, who employed his last moments in translating several of them into Latin with elegance and fidelity. And Mr. Cumberland has presented us, in his Observer, with some which he has rendered in our own language, but more particularly of the fragments which have come down to us from the comic poets.

Let those who object to the word *epigram*, refer to any book of etymology, and satisfy their doubts; but let them not object to seeing them in an English dress, since they are the very men and women of all others, who should own themselves indebted to the translator.

Men of genius have instructed the two great epic poets to sing in English numbers. Even Horace, who combines all the gaiety of the most gay, with the thoughtfulness of the most serious; who illustrates the

greatest variety of objects with expressions for ever new and ever varying; even the facetious, yet profound, the refined, yet nervous, Horace has met with imitators, paraphrasts, and translators. That any person should have revolted from a task which requires talents seemingly so opposite, I should not have been surprised, as I consider Horace in the light of a standing argument against the assertion made by Locke, which prohibits wit from making an alliance with judgment.

Aut acrem flammæ sonitum dabit, atq. ita vinclis
Excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit.

At one time he is all dignity, at another playful or satirical; and even should his imitator preserve consistency thus far, he will elude the grasp in a shape as unlike these, as Thersites to Hercules. True it is, that nothing comprehends greater variety than the epigram, and as the charm of compositions so light and short is made up of novelty, surprise, and elegance, the least deviation from the former, even with the assistance of the two latter, is more reproachable than in longer compositions, and a failure in the latter totally inexcusable. In naturalizing these plants, so flourishing in the atmosphere of Greece, many would have died as soon as transplanted; many would have assumed a hue less lively, and from wild flowers would have become plants of the hot-house; but some, doubtless, under skilful hands, would have worn their former honours, with a diminution neither of colour nor of fragrance.

No place has given an asylum more secure to the banished muses of Greece than Britain; by no masters have her melodies been more faithfully and scientifically transposed to charm the ear and dwell upon the heart. Ben Jonson has been twice indebted to Greek hints for two of his most successful pieces. From a Greek inscription of two lines he has taken a thought on which he has dilated, and judiciously too, to five times the number. The lines are inscribed to the memory of Michael Drayton, the poet. He thus addresses the "pious marble:"

"And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee."

For the next discovery of imitation, the world is indebted to Cumberland, who professes himself to be "much surprised at finding that our learned poet had been poaching in an obscure collection of love letters, written by the sophist Philostratus, in a very rhapsodical style, for the purpose of stringing together a parcel of unnatural conceits." For this most popular and exquisitely beautiful song, to which Jonson has stood father, we are indebted to a pretty turn in letter xxiv, of Philostratus, whose thoughts are familiarized to us by the well known song:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

And this also bears a strong resemblance to an epigram of Meleager's, of which the following is a pretty close translation:

Farewel to wine, yet if thou bid me sip,
Present the cup more honour'd from thy lip.
Pour'd by thy hand, to rosy draughts I fly,
And cast away my stern sobriety.
For, as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul,
That Julia left a kiss within the bowl.

One of the few translated epigrams (that of Simonides on the tomb of Sophocles) excited a sensation so strong, that music was adapted to the words, and it is sung and admired by the beautiful and gay, who know not how far they are indebted, in this instance at least, to learning and genius, for the pleasure which they receive.

"Wind, gentle ever-green," &c.

One peculiar excellence belonging to those Greek inscriptions which are in honour of departed merit, is the happy elegance with which the name is inserted; and (it has been well said) that the lines inscribed by Pope to the illustrious dead, are "Epitaphs to let." Neither is the omission of name the only defect; the virtues which are so liberally bestowed on them, have no peculiar cast of character. They are "The scourge of knaves"—"Honest courtiers"—"Statesmen, yet friends to truth"—"Uncorrupted e'en amongst the great"—and "They are all, all honourable men." Yet the very persons whose fame it is designed to commemorate, are forgotten in the rhymes built to their immortality.

As specimens of this neglected branch of poetry, the following translations may not be unacceptable:

Clarissa, when she loos'd her virgin zone,
Found in the nuptial bed her early grave;
Death claim'd the bridegroom's rites, to death alone
The treasure promis'd to her spouse she gave.

To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,
The flute's soft strains and hymeneal choir;
At morn sad howlings echo round the bed,
And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire.

The very torches, that at fall of night
Shed their bright radiance o'er the nuptial room—
Those very torches, with the morning's light,
Conduct the lovely sufferer to her tomb.

Meleager, the author of the preceding, is supposed to have written the following epigram on the death of his wife:

Tears o'er my parted Thirza's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead;
Flow, bitter sorrows, o'er a consort's shrine,
Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine:
Break, break, my heart, o'erfraught with bursting woe,
An empty offering to the world below.
Ah! plant regretted, death, remorseless power,
With dust unfruitful, choak'd thy full-blown flower.
Take, earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And soft-embosomed bid my Thirza rest.

The following, inscribed to Anacreon, is evidently formed on the model of that inscribed by Simonides to Sophocles:

Grow, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies,
There may soft buds from purple meadows rise;
Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
And, fragrant wine, flow joyous from his grave:

Thus charm'd, his bones shall press their narrow bed,
If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead.
In these delights he sooth'd his age above,
His life devoting to the lyre and love.

The following epigram is an exception to the rule of Dr. Johnson, which directs the insertion of the name. It is hoped that some other excellence may make amends for the omission. A father laments the death of a daughter, at the time when he expected to have solemnized her nuptials.

Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought
To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;
But thou hast left a world o'erfraught
With wiles, and toils, and many a tear.

For us remains a journey drear;
For thee a blest and calm repose,
Uniting in thy short career
The fruit of age—of youth the rose.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE, GENERALISSIMO OF THE SPANISH ARMIES.

DON MANUEL GODOY was born at Badajos, about the year 1766 or 1767, of parents whose necessities were often relieved by the usual donation of soup, &c. at the convents, and who were occasionally employed in secreting smuggled goods during the night. Many of the respectable inhabitants of that city are still living witnesses of the miserable situation of the Godoy family. Their connection with smugglers*, however, encreasing as the family acquired strength, it was doubtless that idea that first induced the two elder brothers, Luis and Manuel, to become soldiers in the king's life-guards, where smuggling is carried on in the most open manner. Luis set out for Madrid, and entered a private soldier in the life-guards, where he had not done duty long before his portly figure caught the attention of the then princess of Asturias, who enjoyed the honours of queen, Charles III being a widower. She began in her usual manner of sending him rich presents, such as a snuff-box of tortoise-shell, with her portrait set in gold, which was generally worth an ounce of Spanish gold, or 3l. 12s. sterling, sometimes articles of much greater value, and sometimes a purse full of ounces of gold. At length she ventured to procure him a pair of colours, and Luis appeared a complete officer. During this time Manuel arrived; and his brother's success enabled him to keep him as a cadet, rather than to enter as a private soldier, hoping that he should soon be able to procure him preferment. In the mean time, the jealous eye of Charles III, regretting his error of forcing his son to marry, became every day more alert to the gross imprudencies of his daughter-in-law, and he beheld her attachment to this new-made officer with the most poignant indignation, and sent him immediately into exile, prohibiting his ever coming within twenty-five leagues of Madrid, giving him however the command of a company in the militia of Extremadura, and also of an old fortress in that province. He was also promised the cross of the military order of Alcantara, but Charles's passion was too violent to wait that ceremony, and he was dismissed with the nominal title of the order. This was the period when the family began to think seriously of nobility; and it was then that they found the noble appendage of *de Alvarez*. Whether the Godoys were originally of Alvarez, and had acquired a title to that seignory, which the vulgar pronunciation of the Extremadurians had originally contracted, and in fine omitted, is a question I have not found any Spanish antiquary disposed to resolve. It now rests on the *ipse dixit* of the prince, and there exists no negative evidence. The exile of Luis was effected; and the queen (the princess of Asturias) with all the facility that one forgets a lady of easy virtue, forgot her lover in the pursuit of other gallants. It has been said, but erroneously, that her majesty kept sending him presents in his exile, by the hands of Manuel, who was introduced to her by the duchess of Alva, under pretext of playing on the guitar: the latter circumstance is too ridiculous to require refutation: but the contrary is the fact, nor does it appear that the queen ever saw Manuel till after the death of Charles III. Indeed she was too much occupied in meeting with gallants whom she could enjoy, without spending in fruitless efforts the time necessary to her other amusements. During the long banishment* of Luis, Manuel pro-

* Badajos has existed many years by smuggling only, there being no legal commerce pursued that can be avoided.

* The precipitation and rigour of banishment from the court of Madrid, present an example of merciless cruelty and tyranny: the *desterrados* are gone in an hour, no one knows where, no one dares

cured an appointment in the guards, and also had married an amiable young woman, by whom he has had four or five children. At length the death of Charles III gave existence to the era of our hero's glory. On this event Luis, hoping to be recalled from exile, determined on addressing a loving memorial to her majesty, recalling to her memory the numerous tender pledges of his attachment, and his eagerness to again approach her person. The difficulty of presenting this memorial to the hands of the queen herself was the only obstacle ; and for this Manuel was deemed the most proper person. This he performed *con acierto*. Her majesty received the memorial most graciously, but was more struck with the young, bold, and brawny figure that presented it, than with the plaintive tale of an inamorato long since enjoyed. The queen, after appointing a more convenient hour to take the matter into consideration, and to converse with him personally, dismissed Manuel with a present, which at once indicated her private feelings and personal attachment.—From this period fortune seems to have borne him on her wings to the temple of honour, as his advancement was as rapid as the smiles of that fickle goddess. Luis's exile was terminated, and he received a colonel's commission in the guards. But a new office was created for Manuel, adjutant-general of the life-guards, with the rank of major-general in the army. He had not held these situations long, till he succeeded, through the consummate address of the queen, in ingratiating himself with the king, and was shortly after made a lieutenant-general in the army, and called upon to be one of his majesty's ministers, in the capacity of first secretary of state. It was at this period that he acquired such a complete ascendency over the king's mind, by doing every thing as he thought proper, without inquiring for his majesty's approbation. This was so flattering to the king's natural indolence, which hates political affairs, that he resolved never after to have another minister ; and that he should govern and direct the helm of the state as might be agreeable to his particular views. His majesty felt grateful to the man who had thus relieved him from the burden of government, and he continued pouring honours and wealth upon his head. It was now that Manuel was to be ennobled, and it must be confessed, that he evinced address in claiming nobility from his ancestors, rather than for his personal merit. Don Manuel Godoy de Alvarez, was created a grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of duke of Alcadia : the king bestowing on him the royal domain of Alcadia, and also the revenues of four of the most wealthy military orders, which must have been rather above than below 100,000l. sterling a year. The now duke of Alcadia found his power unlimited ; his most distant relatives all placed in the most lucrative offices ; the most trifling favours of the court not to be obtained without his permission ; and the ancient grandees of Spain paying their court to him, and attending his levees with equal assiduity as those of the king's. The queen's liberality to him, at least in her personal favours, was unremitting ; and their amours now became so common, so public, and so much in defiance of all decency or decorum, that I should be sorry to abuse the language in a description of their wanton excesses. The period of the war with France arrived, in which the duke of Alcadia evinced more power than political sagacity. The grand council of Castile was summoned, which was then a spirited, liberal, and independent body. This council, with the brave count de

to ask, and no one knows their former friends or connections, lest they should be involved in a similar fate. Nor does any one dare either to write or receive a letter. Thus a character, as popular in Madrid as some speakers in the house of commons in London, will be precipitated in a day into an oblivion as great as if dead forty years.

Aranda at its head, decided in favour of *defensive* measures, contrary to those of the duke. Their timidity or prudence greatly incensed the duke of Alcadia, who determined on *offensive* measures and on plunder, dissolved the council with great indignation, and banished the worthy count de Aranda to Saragoza, where he survived just long enough to witness the disgrace and downfall of his country. Thus was the most noble and most ancient council in Europe annihilated by the puerile frenzy of a mushroom duke; a council instituted by Alonzo XI, and the conquerors of the Moors in the end of the 10th or beginning of the 11th century; a council too from whose bosom sprung some of the wisest and most salutary laws, conceived in a genuine spirit of humanity, justice, and I would say liberty, were the word intelligible. This ancient council, which pointedly admonished the emperor Charles V, and which repeatedly checked the sanguinary ambition of the Philips, is now no more. True, another under the same name has been called into existence, but it serves only to emblazen the shield of the prince of peace, and not to protect the rights and immunities of the nation. The war with France commenced, and during the time that the Spanish soldiers continued advancing into the French territories, they behaved with uncommon bravery, often fighting and conquering with two to three. The discordancy in the cabinet councils occasioned them to receive orders to retire immediately into the Spanish territory, and to act for the future on the *defensive* only. This order struck a panick through the whole army; and they conceived themselves insulted and betrayed, and never after fought either with inclination or courage. The frontier towns fell before the French almost on their approach; and there remained no alternative to save the country, but by making peace. This the short-sighted duke thought could not be bought too dear under the circumstances, and consequently made a treaty, the folly of which posterity will lament. By this treaty, the Spanish territory was curtailed; St. Domingo and Louisiana were delivered up to France; and an article was concluded, by which Spain was to furnish France with so many ships of the line, well equipped, whenever the latter power should be at war; and also to pay, support, and clothe 45,000 French soldiers to protect Spain, whether in war or peace.—For this treaty the besotted Charles IV made our hero *principe de la paz, y capitan general de los exercitos Espannoles por tierra y por mar;* giving him at the same time new domains, and the revenues of several ruined monasteries. Hitherto the impropriety of the prince's conduct seems the natural consequence of his ignorance; but as his power and titles increased, his character appears marked with traits of treachery, cruelty, and tyranny, which can never be erased. I allude to his treatment of Don Gasper Melchior de Hovellanes, a man of taste and genius, a philosopher, statesman, and agriculturist, not inferior to any other in Europe. He originally courted, admired, and became the assumed friend of this philosopher; and afterwards, without any other cause than his superior talents, which were uniformly directed by wisdom and penetration to the renovation of his unhappy country, became his most cruel and inveterate enemy, condemning him causelessly to a miserable prison in Mallorca, where he was precipitated from the first secretary of stateship, denied all communication with his friends (even with his wife), and the use of pen, ink, and paper, and where he still drags out a miserably solitary existence. The cruel and unjust sufferings of this most worthy man will for ever stain the character of our hero with infamy and detestation. His conduct to two other respectable characters, but of less notoriety, was equally criminal and ferocious, falsely accusing them of partiality to the English.

About this period, his whimsical marriage with one of the princesses royal took place. His power now being absolute, and quite independent of the queen, his contempt for her increased daily; which she perceiving, and never being able to discover whether he was married, proposed to her *manuelito* (a diminutive of great tenderness in Spanish), in the public levee, to marry one of the princesses, then present, to whom she pointed. The prince answered, "that he was always ready to receive the favours of her majesty;" and the then archbishop of Toledo (an Italian) being present, the nuptials were celebrated immediately. This was the completion of his power.

At the re-establishment of the pope, he obliged the bishops of Spain, who had enjoyed the authority of popes in their respective districts during the interregnum, to tender their obeisance to the new pope, who in return constituted him "protector of the holy catholic faith;" and the archbishop of Toledo, who celebrated his nuptials, was translated to Rome, with a cardinal's hat. The present archbishop of Toledo and primate of Spain, Louis de Bourbon, is his matrimonial uncle. On the declaration of the unprovoked and unjust war against Portugal, our hero placed himself at the head of the soldiers, as generalissimo of the army; but his principal and only achievement was breaking up some convents of women, and dispersing the nuns throughout the country; a conduct not very consistent with a protector of the catholic faith.

Whilst we view his political character, we behold it tissued with errors, crimes, and, occasionally, traits of benevolence; but from his private character we shrink with horror and disgust, at his endless and unlimited debaucheries, unparalleled in any christian age or country. By amour he acquired his power and honours, and by amour he is determined to hold them. Fathers, mothers, husbands, brothers, will cheerfully conduct their daughters, wives, or sisters, if somewhat handsome, to the attention of our prince, in order to procure places and pensions from government. Every Spaniard expects a place or a pension, and he conceives, with justness, such means are the most likely to succeed. A handsome woman of address, indeed, seldom fails to procure either her father, husband, brother, or other relative, a place: but at what a price!!! It is common to see six or seven of these hapless victims in his saloon every morning, with whom, in proportion to their beauty or charms, he regales himself in succession. This is a melancholy picture, but is not the less just. It is, however, a lamentable proof of the danger of satire; and had Cervantes never written his inimitable Don Quixote, a queen would never have dared to dispatch her emissaries to search for gallants, much less a prince have dared to establish a seraglio in the capital of Spain; nor would *cabronazos** have had any other existence than in words. Quixote is an innocent and amusing work to an English reader, but has proved fatal to the Spaniards. Happy would it be for Spain, had she still knights-errant in lieu of cabronazos; her chief towns would not then be desolated by pestilence and famine, nor her degenerate sons sunk in debility and premature old age. Notwithstanding, among those of education, there is still modesty in the men, and chastity in the women.

Of this prince we shall only add, that he is still a tender and attentive husband to his first wife, for whose relations, as well as his own, he has made the most ample provision. To his second he is by no means unkind. To the queen he is dreadfully severe; determinedly thwarting all her schemes, and depriving her of every vestige of regal authority.

This unhappy woman, who, whether, as it is said, she be subject to an infirmity of nature, or whether

* Men who sell their wives' favours.

from an abandoned principle, the natural consequence of an Italian education, must be classed with a Messalina, that has greatly injured Spain. Her private memoirs have been published, and said to be authentic by those who ought to know; but as it is a work, were it possible, more scandalous than that of Cleland, oblivion is its only desert. To account for the contempt and ill-usage of the prince to her, it has been supposed that she had, in some unguarded moment of pleasure, proposed to him the death of the king, or some such desperate expedient; otherwise, it is thought, he never would have dared to treat her in the manner he does. The king, simple man, knows nothing, nor minds nothing but fowling, to which he is extremely attached, and is an excellent marksman. The queen is devoted to the searching for gallants, and the prince conducts the government, and creates new nobles as he thinks fit. He is not really an enemy to learning, as he has been accused, but his schemes to protect it have been badly conceived, and proved equally fatal to the progress of knowledge. An instance appears in the absurd privilege given to the late Don Joseph Cavanilles, whose pupils only were permitted to fill the professors' chairs in the different universities and public schools; all others, even those of prior information, not disciples of Cavanilles, were prohibited being professors of botany. Cavanilles resided a long time in Paris, where he acquired more cunning and intrigue than philosophy; and his great labours consisted in reducing (improperly) the classes of Linnæus to fifteen. Such have been the left-handed efforts of the prince to protect learning, and encourage the arts and sciences. Of his manners, they are strongly marked with provincialism: at first violent and impetuous, then cool, repentant, and meditative; and, in fine, passive, yielding, and friendly. He is a very able-bodied man, at present very corpulent; of a figure more agreeable from its strength than beauty; of the deportment of a man of business, rather than that of a courtier or philosopher; and of a mien more strong than noble. He is not destitute of talents, yet he rarely shows that depth of perspicacity or shrewdness which uneducated men, of strong minds, generally evince. His levees are regularly and numerously attended, by the first nobility of Spain; and he is not wanting in attention to the fair part of his visitants. He is, however, hated and feared by the ancient grandees, whose privileges and influence he has greatly curtailed. In short, his ignorance, his pride, and his debaucheries, have ruined and disgraced his country, and cannot be held in too great detestation. His annual income has been estimated at upwards of 250,000l. sterling, but is probably much more.

For the Literary Magazine.

ROMAN NEWSPAPERS.

WE are apt to look either with contempt or surprise on the customs of other nations which differ from our own; so we cannot help being pleased with any which bear some degree of resemblance to those of our own country. The pleasure seems to be stronger the further we carry our views back into ancient times, and observe this analogy of fashions. Whether the veneration usually paid to antiquity itself heightens the satisfaction, or whether we regard it as the voice of nature, pronouncing such a custom rational and useful, by the consent of distant ages, every body must allow that newspapers, by the materials they afford for discourse and speculation, contribute very much to the amusement of the public; their cheapness brings them into universal use; their variety adapts them to every one's taste; the scholar learns what is going on in the literary world; the soldier makes a campaign in safety, and censures the conduct of

generals without fear of being punished for mutiny ; the politician, inspired by the fumes of the coffee-pot, unravels the knotty intrigues of ministers ; the industrious merchant observes the course of trade and the rates of exchange ; the honest shopkeeper nods over the account of a robbery, and the price of the markets, till his pipe is out ; and many a fashionable fair one would find her breakfast insipid, and her appetite palled, unless the first were seasoned and the latter revived by the oblique insinuation and chit-chat scandal of the gay world, of which our modern newspapers contain so plentiful a share.

One may easily imagine that the use and amusement resulting from these diurnal histories render them not likely to be confined to one part of the globe, or one period of time. The Relations of China mention a gazette published there by authority, and the Roman historians sometimes quote the *acta diurna*, or daily advertisers of that empire.

I shall now proceed to state the few observations which a little leisure in the country enabled me to collect on this curious subject, trusting that they may lead some one of your learned correspondents to communicate the result of more accurate researches on the subject.

The *acta diurna** were journals of the common occurrences of Rome, as the trials, elections, punishments, buildings, deaths, sacrifices, prodigies, &c., composed under the direction of the magistrates, committed to their care, and laid up with the rest of their records in an edifice called the Hall of Liberty. Like all other public papers, the access to them was easy. The historians appear to have collected materials from them ; nor is it improbable that copies were frequently taken by particular persons, and dispersed about the city, or sent to their friends in the provinces, that no Roman might be ignorant even of the minutest event which happened in the metropolis of the world.

We may find some ground for this supposition in the correspondence between Cicero and Cœlius, whilst the former was governor of Cilicia. Cœlius had promised to send him the news of Rome, and in order to discharge his commission with exactness, and gratify the curiosity of his friend, he incloses in his first letter a kind of journal of the occurrences of the city. Cicero, it appears, would have made a bad figure in a modern coffee-house conversation, for he rallies Cœlius humorously enough about it in his answer. " Do you think," says he, " that I left it in charge with you to send an account of the matches of gladiators, the adjournments of the courts, and such like articles, which, even when I am at Rome, nobody ventures to tell *me ?* From you, I expect a political sketch of the state of the commonwealth, and not Chrestus's newspaper." (Chresti Compilationem.)

Suetonius likewise mentions a little particularity with regard to these *acta diurna*, which may serve to confirm the notion of their bearing a pretty near resemblance to our newspapers. He says that " Julius Cæsar in his consulship ordered the diurnal acts of the senate and the people to be published." Augustus, indeed, the same author asserts, forbade the publication of the former to be continued, but there is no reason to think that his prohibition extended to the latter. It is certainly suitable to the genius of an absolute monarchy that its councils should not be publicly known ; but the amusing and trifling topics of discourse which the common events of a great city afford, are so far from being offensive under such a constitution, that they rather serve to draw off the minds of the people from inquir-

* What is the proper Latin for *newspapers ?* Acta diurna ; diurna ; nova ; adversaria ; memorabilia ; nundina ; scripta nundina ; &c. I once heard an American scholar ask a learned foreigner in Latin : Amatisne, domine, nostri publici papyri ?

ing into affairs of a more important and secret nature.

The antiquaries pretend to have discovered some of these papers. Those which relate to the 585th year of Rome, were first published by Pighius, in his Annals. He tells us that they were given to him by James Susius, who found them amongst the papers of Ludovicus Vives. He does not seem to have the least doubt of their being genuine, and even makes use of them to correct a passage in Livy. Dodwell also inserted them in his Camdenian lectures, together with some additional *acta* of the year of Rome 691. A friend of his, Adrian Beverland, had received them from Isaac Vossius, who transcribed them from a parcel of inscriptions which Petavius had prepared for the press.

I shall now venture to make a few extracts from the papers themselves, observing only, that the names of Paulus Æmilius, the conqueror of Macedon, Popilius Lenas, the famous ambassador, Julius Cæsar, Cicero, and Hortensius, give an air of importance, and perhaps occasion the most trifling circumstances being mentioned.

A. U. C. 585. *5th of the Kalends of April.*
The Fasces with Æmilius the Consul.

The consul, crowned with laurel, sacrificed at the Temple of Apollo. The senate assembled at the *Curia Hostilia*, about the 8th hour; and a decree passed that prætors should give sentence according to the edicts which were of perpetual validity. This day, M. Scapula was accused of an act of violence, before C. Bœbius, the prætor. Fifteen of the judges were for condemning him, and thirty-three for adjourning the cause.

4th of the Kalends of April.
The Fasces with Licinius the Consul.

It thundered, and an oak was struck with lightning on that part of Mount Palatine called Summa Velia, early in the afternoon. A fray happened in a tavern at the lower end of *Banker's-street, in which the keeper of the *Hog in Armour* tavern was dangerously wounded. Tertinius, the Ædile, fined the butchers for selling meat which had not been inspected by the overseers of the markets. The fine is to be appropriated to build a chapel to the temple of the goddess Tellus.

3d of the Kalends of April.
The Fasces with Æmilius.

It rained stones on Mount Veientine. Posthumus, the tribune, sent his beadle to the consul, that he should not convene the senate on that day; but the tribune Decimus putting in his veto, the affair went no farther.

Pridie. Kal. April.
The Fasces with Licinius.

The Latin festivals were celebrated: a sacrifice performed on the Alban Mount, and a dole of raw flesh distributed to the people. A fire happened on Mount Cœlius; two trisulæ† and five houses were consumed to the ground, and four damaged. Demiphon, the famous pirate, who was taken by Licinius Nerva, a provincial lieutenant, was sacrificed. The red standard was displayed at the capitol, and the consuls obliged the youth who were enlisted for the Macedonian war to take a new oath in the Campus Martius.

Kal. Apr.

Paulus, the consul, and Cn. Octavius, the prætor, set out this day for

* Called *Janus Infimus*, because there was in that part of the street a statue of *Janus*. The upper end was called *Janus Summus*, from the same reason.

† Houses standing apart by themselves, and not joined to the rest of the street. Most of the great men's houses at Rome were built in this manner.

Macedonia, in the habits of war, vast numbers of people attending them to the gates. The funeral of Marcia was performed with greater pomp of images than attendance of mourners. The pontifex Sempronius proclaimed the Magalesian plays, in honour of Cybele.

4th of the Nones of April.

A *ver sacrum** was vowed, pursuant to the opinion of the college of priests. Presents were made to the ambassadors of the Etolians. Ebufius, the prætor, set out for his province of Sicily. The fleet stationed on the African coast entered the port of Ostia with the tribute of that province. An entertainment was given to the people by Marcia's sons at their mother's funeral. A stage play was acted this day, being sacred to Cybele.

3d of the Nones of April.

Popilius† Lenas, C. Decimus, and C. Hostilius, were sent ambassadors in a joint commission to the kings of Syria and Egypt, in order to accommodate the differences about which they are now at war. Early in the morning, they went with a great attendance of clients and relations to offer up a sacrifice and libations at the temple of Castor and Pollux, before they began their journey.

The second set of the remains of the *acta diurna* belong to the year of Rome 691. I have already mentioned how they were discovered, and shall only add, that they are fuller and more entertaining than the former, but seem rather more liable to objection on the score of authenticity.

Syllanus and Murena Consuls.
The Fasces with Murena.
3d of the Ides of August.

Murena sacrificed early in the morning at the temple of Castor and Pollux, and afterwards assembled the senate in Pompey's senate-house. Syllanus defended Sex. Ruscius of Larinum, who was accused of an act of violence by Torquatus, before Q. Cornificius, the prætor. The defendant was absolved by forty votes, and voted guilty by twenty. A riot happened in the *Via Sacra*, between Clodius's workmen and Milo's slaves.

5th of the Kal. of September.

M. Tullius Cicero pleaded in defence of Cornelius Sylla, accused by Torquatus of being concerned in Cataline's conspiracy, and gained his cause by a majority of five judges. The tribunes* of the treasury

* A *ver sacrum* was a vow to sacrifice an ox, sheep, or some such animal, from between the kalends of March and the Pridie kalends of June.

† This Popilius met Antiochus, king of Syria, at the head of his conquering army in Egypt, and, drawing a circle round him with a stick he held in his hand, bid him declare himself a friend or an enemy to Rome, before he stirred out of it. The king, though flushed with success, chose the former, and in consequence of it withdrew his troops out of the dominions of Ptolemy, who was an ally of the Romans.

* The judicial power in public trials underwent frequent alterations at Rome, and had been lodged at different times in the senators, the knights, and sometimes in a mixed number of both. It was now shared (by the Aurelian law) between the senatorian and equestrian orders, and the *tribuni ærarii* (who were plebeians and paymasters in the Roman exchequer). The latter were deprived of this privilege by Julius Cæsar. The number of judges seems to have varied according to the appointment of the magistrate, or the direction of the law on which the accusation was founded. At Milo's trial, for instance, they were reduced by lot to eight, and before sentence was given, the accusers and the accused rejected five out of each order, so that five determined the cause, which was always done by ballot; but there are other cases, where the number of judges is different.

were against the defendant. One of the prætors advertised by an edict that he should put off his sittings for five days, upon account of his daughter's marriage. C. Cæsar set out for his government of the further Spain, having been long delayed by his creditors. A report was brought to Tertinius the prætor, while he was trying causes at his tribunal, that his son was dead. This was contrived by the friends of Copponius, who was accused of poisoning, that the prætor in his concern might adjourn the court: but the magistrate having discovered the falsehood of the story, returned to his tribunal, and continued taking informations against the accused.

4th Kal. of Septr.

The funeral of Metella Pia, a vestal, was celebrated. She was buried in the sepulchre of her ancestors in the Aurelian road. The censors made a bargain that the temple of Aius Loquens should be repaired for twenty-five sesterces. Q. Hortensius harrangued the people about the censorship and the Allobrogic war. Advice arrived from Etruria that some of the late conspirators* had begun a tumult, headed by L. Sergius.

An admirer of antiquity may, perhaps, find the same conciseness, clearness, and simplicity in the *acta diurna*, which so eminently distinguish the inscriptions upon the medals and public monuments of the ancients. I must, however, own that they want that sprightly humour and diffuse kind of narration which embellish the compositions of our modern diurnal historians. The Roman gazettes are defective in several material ornaments of style. They never end an argument with the mystical hint—"This occasions great speculation." They seem to have been ignorant of such engaging introductions as—"we hear,"—"it is strongly reported:" and of that ingenious, but thread-bare excuse for a downright lie—"it wants confirmation:" nor do they seem to be aware of the advantages of inserting a falsehood one day, in order to revive it by a downright contradiction the next. It is also worthy of remark, that the prætor's daughter is married without our being told that she was a lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune.

Another remark which is naturally suggested from several articles in these journals, is the great regard which the Romans paid to the superstitious ceremonies of a false and ridiculous religion. Not a day passes but some prodigy is observed, some sacrifice or festival performed to implore the blessing of their deities upon the arms and councils of the state. Three men of the greatest quality in Rome, before they set out upon an embassy of importance, go in a solemn manner, accompanied by their family and friends, to beg the assistance and protection of the gods, as a necessary preparation for a long journey and a weighty employment.

* This incident seems obscure. Cataline's conspiracy was entirely quashed before this time, so that Lucius Sergius cannot mean him, as it otherwise might, for his name was Lucius Sergius Cataline. Nor can the expression *reliquiæ conjuratorum* be applied to Cataline's commotion in Etruria, which was the opening of the plot; whereas the words in the *acta* plainly imply, that this was a renewal of it by that part of the conspirators who had escaped, or were yet undiscovered.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGIN OF FREE-MASONRY.

THE origin of free-masonry has eluded the enquiries of the historian; some imagine it to have been derived from the guilds of the masons, who, like other tradesmen, formed themselves into a fraternity, and held, occasionally, the guilds or clubs, for consulting the common in-

terests, and regulating the common concerns of their profession. Others derive masonry from the Jewish sect of Essenes, to which, indeed, a late author considers it indebted for much of its interior organization. Some have believed that masonry was invented by the English jesuits; others that it is derived from the templars: some that it had its origin in an order of chivalry; and others, that it is derived from the Pythagorean societies: others deduce it, not without ingenuity, from the Dyonisiacs of Asia Minor. This is ascribing to it a very high antiquity; but they endeavour to obviate some objections, and think that if it be possible to prove the identity of any two societies, from the coincidence of their external forms, we are authorised to conclude, that the fraternity of Ionian architects and the fraternity of free-masons are exactly the same; and that, as the former practised the mysteries of Bacchus and Ceres, several of which are shown to be similar to the mysteries of masonry, we may safely affirm, that in their internal, as well as external procedure, the society of free-masons resembles the Dyonisiacs of Asia Minor. The charge of infidel and revolutionary principles, brought by Barruel and Robison against the lodges of free-masonry, are now generally exploded.

For the Literary Magazine.

DOUBTS CONCERNING ROMAN HISTORY.

A WORK "On the Monuments and Proofs which serve as a Basis to the Roman History," by Levesque, has occasioned considerable sensation at Paris, and produced more than one reply. C. Levesque, considering history as a kind of experimental morality, thinks that those facts which constitute its foundation ought to be submitted to the most rigorous examination, otherwise they will only present false lights, which, instead of guiding, only mislead. Both the private citizen and the statesman, who endeavour to search the annals of nations for rules by which to regulate their conduct, will find themselves in the situation of those travellers who wish to penetrate through distant seas and countries by means of spurious geographical and naval charts.

Levesque insinuates that a gross mistake has taken place, relative to the foundation of Rome, which he thinks ought to be antedated no less than four centuries anterior to the era usually assigned. He deems it unreasonable to suppose that this city, originally founded by a few robbers, should in a short time have attained such splendour and power under the Tarquins, as to have been able to erect those noble buildings, the remains of which astonish even at the present day.

He also scatters some doubts relative to the tomb of Numa Pompilius, which was discovered, by accident, about four hundred years after the death of that prince, and in which were found books in Greek and Latin. "Now," exclaims he, "was it possible for Numa Pompilius to compose books in the Greek language at a period when writing was as yet unknown in Greece, and Latium was still more ignorant?"

The seven kings of Rome, according to the vulgar chronology, reigned no less than 244 years. Our author remarks, that the circumstance of seven princes reigning so long is unexampled in any other portion of history.

At the end of his memoir, Levesque presents us with a dissertation on the original pronunciation of the Greek language, as indicated by ancient monuments. He maintains that the Greeks confounded certain letters and dipthongs with each other; and he quotes, in proof of this, the decree for adopting one of the vowels, after the expulsion of the thirty tyrants. He observes, at the same time, a peculiarity of the Romans, who were very tardy in adopting the vowel *u*, in the room

of which they made use of *o*, writing *populos* for populus, *piacolum* for piaculum, &c. After quoting Thucydides, to show the equivocal nature of the Greek language, in the reply made by the oracle to the Athenians, who enquired whether it was plague or famine with which they were threatened by the gods, as the prediction was conveyed in a word which signified either, he maintains that the true pronunciation of the Greek language will be found, with few exceptions, in the mouth of the modern Greeks.

These positions have been assailed by the celebrated antiquary, C. Larcher, who maintains that his opponent has been led into an error relative to the chronology of Rome, by adopting the common supposition, that this ancient city was indebted for its origin to a band of robbers, herdsmen, and loose people. He, on the other hand, contends, that when Romulus and Remus set out on purpose to lay the foundation of a new city in Latium, they conducted thither a colony of worthy men and brave warriors, who had been confided to their care by Numitor, their grandfather; and that these either were joined by, or, on their part, united with the Etruscans, a people well acquainted with the arts. He infers from this, that all astonishment must cease relative to the construction of the port of Ostia, the common shores, &c., &c.

He observes, in reply to the objection concerning language, that it is likely Numa was able to write his own laws in the Greek tongue; and he maintains it to have been the most proper for that purpose, because the greater part of those who composed the colony being originally Greeks, this language was more familiar to them than that of the small number of barbarians who constituted a part of the inhabitants.

C. Larcher, on this occasion, has also entered into a long and very learned discussion relative to the origin of alphabetical characters and writing, as well as their establishment in Latium. He entertains no manner of doubt, but that the practice of letters and of writing existed in that country before the foundation of that city: "for," adds he, "if, during the time of Tullus Hostilius, the eighty-fourth year after the foundation of Rome, letters and even treaties of peace were written, it necessarily follows, that characters and writing must have been known long before." He at the same time endeavours to overturn the assertion of M. Wolf, who has pretended that writing was unknown in Greece during the time of Homer; an opinion also adopted and supported by Levesque, in his memoir.

Levesque doubts the existence of the Great or Pontifical Annals, and questions the degree of authenticity that ought to be ascribed to them. He pretends, that either they never existed at all, or perished when Rome was burnt by the Gauls: but Larcher triumphantly demands, whether Atticus, when he exhorted Cicero to write the history of Rome, did not mention the Great Annals as a work then to be examined and referred to.

To the objection of Levesque, about the long reigns of the seven kings of Rome, Larcher opposes twelve distinct lists of princes, taken from different nations, as well ancient as modern, from which it appears, that an equal number of them has reigned longer than an equal number of princes whose lives have been objected to on account of their extreme length. In addition to this, he remarks that it is not at all surprising, that the longevity of the kings of Rome, here referred to, should have been of great extent, at a period when frugality was the common practice of the age.

For the Literary Magazine.

MADAME GENLIS'S LAST WORK.

"LA Nouvelle Bibliothèque des Romans," is a new work, by ma-

dame de Genlis, a laborious and indefatigable author, which is perhaps the sixteenth composed by her ; a fact that will appear surprising, even to those who have dedicated the whole of their lives to literature.

The first story is termed, *L'Epouse impertinente par air*, which is a charming little novel, with an unexceptionable moral. Here follows a sketch of the subject.

A young French woman of quality, possessed of a charming figure, great delicacy, and good sense, to which was added a heart at once pure and replete with sensibility, happened, like many others, to lose her parents, her fortune, and her liberty, during the early period of the revolution. A plebeian, like herself young and amiable, who is here designated by the name of Merville, interests himself in her behalf. He happens to possess credit sufficient to liberate her from confinement, after which he secures an honourable asylum for her, at the house of madame Miller, one of his own relations. Generous, and full of sensibility, he soon becomes greatly attached to this unfortunate lady, to whom he at length makes an offer of his hand, which is accepted by the fair Emilia. A few days after, Matilda, her sister, is married to Dumond, the son of madame Miller, a man the direct contrast to Merville, in respect to all the qualities of the head and heart.

In the mean time, the emigrants, in consequence of a beneficent decree, are permitted to re-enter their native country ; and the necessity of rendering themselves agreeable to all the world, at first makes them affable and engaging ; but at length their ancient pride and haughtiness return : admitted into familiarity with Emilia, they endeavor to make her blush for the match she had made, the *new* family she had connected herself with, and even for her husband. After a decent resistance, she at length yields to the dictates of shame and pride. She now begins to consider herself as superior to Merville, whom she treats with very little ceremony, and even with a coolness bordering on contempt. Matilda pursues an opposite conduct. Instead of blazoning forth, she conceals the defects of her husband, and endeavours to display, in the most attractive point of view, the few good qualities he possesses : in short, she makes him pass for a man of merit, and obtains a place for him ; while Merville, half ruined by the dissipation of Emilia, and thought meanly of in consequence of her marked disdain, finds himself unable to procure an employment which he had long solicited.

Darnal, the uncle of Emilia, and greatly attached to his niece, now interferes, and, deeming her unhappy and ill-treated, hints at a divorce. On this, Merville, thinking that his wife had not only consented, but authorised such a proposition, immediately makes over one half of his fortune to his wife, and sails for the island of St. Domingo, where, in quality of a volunteer, he was to fight against the revolted negroes.

No sooner had Emilia received an intimation of his intentions, by means of a letter transmitted from the sea-port at which he had embarked, than her eyes are completely opened, and she most heartily reprobates her false friends, as well as the conduct she herself had lately pursued, in compliance with their advice. She accordingly sets out in pursuit of her unhappy husband, and, on her arrival in the West-Indies, finds him confined to his bed by a most dangerous malady. After affording him the most unequivocal testimonies of her sincere repentance, she becomes his nurse and his comforter, and they return to France in order to rejoin the interesting Matilda and the good and amiable madame Miller.

This story is followed by a dialogue between two men of letters ; one of them, Theophile, is devout ; the other, Ariste, is a philosopher ; and it is evident that madame Genlis leans towards the former.

The next tale or novel is entitled,

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The next tale or novel is entitled,

Le Philosophe pris au Mot ; ou, le Mari Corrupteur"—(The Philosopher taken at his Word ; or, the Husband a Corrupter.)

The principal personage here is a marquis, an enthusiastic disciple of the modern philosophers, who espouses a young lady, mild, pious, gentle, and replete with sensibility. It becomes the business of his life to instruct his wife in the new philosophy, and he accordingly amuses himself with reciting the most condemnable passages of Helvetius and Diderot, together with some others, relating to the respect due to parents, conjugal fidelity, friendship, goodness, &c., &c., until he at length succeeds in destroying in her the germ of all the virtues, as well as in inculcating their opposite vices.

In consequence of this, she neglects a grandmother, who had brought her up, because she is taught to believe that she is not in the least indebted to her ; she also neglects the poor, whom she had formerly cherished, as she imagines beneficence a weakness, when it does not tend to public utility. She, at the same time, encourages ruinous expences, because it is the duty of a good citizen to encourage luxury and manufactures : in short, she becomes unfaithful to her own husband, "because she is misled by an irresistible passion," and she even confides the secret to him, as "love is uncontroulable, and falsehood is the only thing that can degrade a female !"

In the mean time, the poor marquis, affrighted at the progress of his scholar, in vain attempts to reproach her with her conduct ; for she retorts upon and accuses him of having instilled those very principles which he now pretends to condemn, thus overcoming the mortified husband with his own arms. Her extravagance, at last, knows no bounds whatsoever, for she precipitates herself into every fashionable folly and excess. When the revolution takes place, this furnishes her with the means of a still more disorderly conduct. She obtains a divorce from the marquis, on purpose to espouse a person, who, in a very short time, obtains a divorce from her ; and the concluding scene is what might have been expected, she dies on a miserable truckle-bed in a garret, destitute alike of either succour or consolation.

The third composition consists of a novel entitled, *La Femme Philosophe*—(the Female Philosopher.) Madame de Stael is here introduced as the heroine, and her romance of Delphine is frequently quoted. Madame Genlis, on this occasion, pursues madame de Stael with no common degree of animosity, as a woman who attacks a woman, a writer who criticises a writer, and a devotee who anathematises a philosopher.

The whole of this part presents a tissue of either foolish or criminal actions, which are all exhibited as the result of the principles contained in the work alluded to above. Gertrude, the chief personage in the novel, at length has recourse to opium, but even here she is disappointed, as she only swallows enough to stupify without killing her.

For the Literary Magazine.

ENGLISH SYNONYMY.

THE word *synonym* is compounded of the Greek preposition σὺν, *cum*, and ὄνομα, *nomen* : it means, therefore, a fellow-name. Those words are termed *synonymous* which describe like things by other names. *To synonimize* is to express one thought in different terms. *Synonymy* is the use of synonyms.

Some languages, like the Greek and German, are self-derived.—When they have occasion to designate fresh objects, they do it by joining, in a new and definitive manner, terms already in use. They have been taught, for instance, to name the elements of modern chemistry by internal resources, *oxy-*

gen, *sauerstoff*. In such languages no two words are equivalent, nor have quite the same signification. Other languages, like the English, have been formed by the confluence of several tongues. Some Gothic dialect forms the basis of the English; and the French, which, like Italian and Spanish, may be considered as a Latin dialect, has mixed with it so abundantly, that it depends on a writer's choice whether the northern or southern diction shall predominate. In such languages, many words are wholly equivalent; when the radical meaning is one, and the metaphorical application analogous, any distinction is merely oral. *Freedom*, *happiness*, are Gothic terms; *liberty*, *felicity*, are Latin terms; which are not merely similar, but identical, in meaning.

Cicero, the greatest artist in composition, willingly employed himself in the discrimination of synonyms; and Quintilian, who writes on rhetoric, has occasionally examined them: but the first book expressly consecrated to synonyms is a Greek work of Ammonius, who flourished in the sixth century. The original edition of this treatise is appended to a Greek dictionary, printed at Venice in 1597: it was edited, with the works of other grammarians, at Leyden, by Valkenaer, in 1739; and published apart at Erlangen, in 1787, by a namesake of the author.

Among the *Auctores Linguæ Latinæ*, collected by Gothofredus, there is a chapter of synonymy picked from ancient grammarians. Several moderns—Popma, Richter, Braun, Dumesnil, Hill—have compiled, in this department of Latin philology, additional materials.

The first regular treatise of the moderns, is that of Girard; this publication obtained for him a seat among the academicians of France. The first edition was in 1718; an enlarged edition, 1747. This work is generally known; it has rather the merit of setting a good example, than of setting it well: the refinements of usage he finds out or makes out, and records them with liveliness and perspicuity; but he omits to analyze causes, and never seeks for the reasons of his varieties. This work was republished in 1776, with additional articles, by Beauzée. Other supplementary matter occurs in the Encyclopedy: a further treatise on French synonyms, by the more careful Roubaud, appeared in 1787, at Berlin.

At Bologna, in 1732, were published *Sinonimi ed aggiunti Italiani raccoli da Carlo Costanzo Rabbi*, of which a second augmented edition was given at Venice, in 1764, by A. M. Bandiera. This work has value as a record of the usage of the time; but usage has little to do with the proper application of a definable word.

Trusler published in London, in 1766, a partial abstract of Girard's work. The words common to French and English, and which retaining in both the same relative value, were numerous enough to supply a large stock of translated articles. These were interspersed with original definitions of some contiguous terms peculiar to ourselves. His neat and useful, though not wholly trust-worthy, book attained a second edition in 1783. It will not be superseded by the subsequent attempt of Mrs. Piozzi.

In 1783, also, was printed at Berlin, a second edition of Stosch's Essay towards defining German Words of like Meaning. Without Girard's dexterous choice of examples, which makes instruction both amuse and tell, the German synonymist has produced a work of fuller and sounder information. It is scholastic, diffuse, and too metaphysical; but it frequently explains the reason of the collected facts. Without the etymological method of Stosch, it is impossible to estimate usage; to discern how much is unalterable; or in what direction one may slide into untried propriety. So much of meaning as inheres in the radical and primary signification of a word is necessarily immortal; but that which has accrued

from casual application soon dies out and disappears.

Eberhard, another German philologist, published at Halle, in 1802, a more extensive *Synonymicon* of his language. He has improved on the previous labours of Stosch, by condensing them, by consulting the masterly dictionary of Adelung for corrective and additional matter, and by many new articles. Yet, perhaps he has reasoned too much from usage; too little from etymology; he has oftener stated the *what* than the *wherefore*.

An English book on this topic, might be improved by approximation to the foreign models; they might combine the industry of Stosch with the sagacity of Girard.

Both Dr. Trusler and Mrs. Piozzi have begun their books with the synonyms of *to abandon*, probably from a motive of alphabetic classification. Let us undertake, for a first experiment, the same set of words. Some addition may be made to the list of terms; and it will in general be more expedient to arrange foremost those of Gothic, and next those of Latin origin.

1. To give up.—2. To forsake.—3. To leave.—4. To yield.—5. To abandon.—6. To desert.—7. To quit.—8. To cede.—9. To resign.—10. To neglect.—11. To relinquish.—12. To surrender.

1. *To give up* is to give in a manner which indicates the superiority of the receiver. It implies humiliating if not unwilling cession, loss, and sacrifice:

Give up your sword.—He gives up London to reside wholly on the estate in the country: his family is become so large that it would be imprudent to keep two houses.—They give up their places at present only to curry favour with the prince's party.—That fellow is given up to every vice.

There is an unclerical sentiment and a harsh metaphor of Stillingfleet:

"If any be given up to believe lies, some must be given up to tell them."

It would have been better to omit the preposition *up*, which is here redundant.

2. *Forsake* is derived from a Low-Dutch verb, collateral with the English *to seek*, in comparison with the inseparable preposition *for**, which has a privative meaning. *To forsake*, then, signifies originally *not to seek*, or to desist from seeking; and *forsaken* that which is sought no longer:

He forsakes his mistress.—His mistress is forsaken. Last summer you came every week to town; but now you quite forsake it. Thou didst deliver us from the hands of lawless enemies, most hateful forsakers of God.

Forsaken of all good; visited no more by the virtues. These are natural expressions. There is, on the contrary, an apparent straining in Dryden's metaphor:

When e'en the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all sight, she left the shore;

but this arises from the equivocal use of the word *sight*, which here means a spectacle, a thing seen, and not the sense of seeing.

3. *Leave* seems to be derived from the same root as the High-Dutch *laufen*, which means *to run away*: it is, perhaps, allied with the Anglo-Saxon *hleapan*. In its earlier forms this verb† is applied not only to animal movements, but to the flow of streams, and was of old neu-

* This privative inseparable preposition also occurs in *forbear*, *forget*, *forgo*, *forlorn*, *forswear*, *forworn*, &c. Some writers ignorantly confound this preposition with *fore*, and spell *forego*. To forego is to go before; and to forgo is to go without.

† Examples occur of a verb *to leave* derived from *leaf*, the green petal of a plant; but, for distinction's sake, this should be spelled *to leaf*.—If not kept back by cold, they leaf about the solstice.—Open before him the two-leaft (two-leaved) gates.

ter, the accusative being usually governed by the preposition *behind:*

The unthankful man will leave his deliverer behind in danger.—The Thames leaves Buckinghamshire behind, above Staines. He left his shield behind, before Troy. He leaves a deal of property behind.

But this preposition being of awkward use, we are got to say:

He that is of an unthankful mind will leave him in danger that delivered him. The Thames leaves Buckinghamshire above Staines.—He left his shield before Troy. He leaves a deal of property.

4. *Yield.* From *gold*, money, by a vowel-change, common in Gothic verbs, comes *geldan*, to pay in money, to produce in value; and hence one *to yield:*

Strabo tells us, the mines at Carthagena yielded daily to the value of twenty-five thousand drachms.

——— I the praise
Yield thee, so well thou hast this day purvey'd.

In the two preceding examples, the primary and metaphorical sense of this verb are correctly applied: but it is not easy to account for all the instances of its employment.

There is a want of the natural in this expression of Locke:

"If you take the idea of white which one parcel of snow yielded yesterday to your sight, and another idea of white from another parcel of snow you see to-day, and put them together in your mind, they run into one."

Beside the verb already noticed, meaning *to afford*, there is another *yield* derived from the Anglo-Saxon *yldan*, to let go, to desist, to delay. This verb seems to have been antithetic with *to wield*, and to have been a term of the armourers; *wield—yield* answering nearly to *take hold, let go.*

He yields not in his fall,
But fighting dies.

——— Immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.

——— Often did I strive
To yield the ghost.

A distinct spelling ought to have been preserved: the former verb should have been written without the *i*, to *yeeld;* in which form Chaucer employs it: *God yeelde you*, for *God reward you.* It would not appear affected, even now, to write *yeeld.*

5. *Abandon* is derived from the French *abandonner*, a concretion of the words *donner a ban*, to give up to public blame. This phrase was used in early times, both in a civil and a religious sense; for we read of the ban of the empire for civil interdict, and of the ban of the kirk for ecclesiastic excommunication. To abandon them is to expose to that desertion which resulted from formal and public denuntiation; to forsake with solemnity. It ought to be nearly equivalent, as Johnson observes, with *diris devovere:*

Unblest, abandoned to the wrath of Jove.

The passive gods beheld the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes.

Shakespeare's *If she be so abandoned to her sorrow* is a strong metaphor. It is a hyperbolical one to say, *a man abandons all hope of regaining the good graces of his mistress;* but warm passions tend to hyberbole.

An abandoned man is (1) one who experiences moral intolerance, (2) one who merits moral intolerance. But this last sense, however usual, is nearly indefensible; it would, on the contrary, be correct to say, His person is in custody of the bailiff, and his furniture abandoned to auction.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

SIR THOMAS LEIGHTON.

SIR THOMAS LEIGHTON, bart. and banker, who lately died at Dublin, was one of the many instances, that "honesty is the best policy." He was very early in life a humble trader, in the town of Strabane, in the north of Ireland, and proving unsuccessful, he went in search of better fortune to the East Indies, as a soldier in the company's service. He was a man of talent, and of a strong mind, and rendered himself extremely useful by having, in a very short time, acquired a knowledge of the oriental languages. It was his good fortune to be confined in the same prison with the late general Matthews, who, previous to his unfortunate catastrophe, entrusted to the care of Mr. Leighton, jewels and property, to an immense amount, to be delivered to his family, if he should effect his escape; and, to insure his zeal and punctuality, he presented him with a considerable sum. Being, some time afterwards, employed as an interpreter, he took advantage of the first opportunity that offered to escape. After assuming various disguises, and encountering many perilous adventures, he arrived in London, and waiting on Mrs. Matthews, delivered to her the last letter of her husband, together with the treasure. By her, his fidelity is said to have been rewarded with twenty thousand pounds. He immediately wrote to Ireland, to enquire for a beloved wife and child, whom he had left behind him, and sent a sum of money, to discharge his debts. He found that his wife, whom he had left young, handsome, and unprotected, had, by honest industry, supported herself and her daughter, then ten years of age, and given her an education superior to her humble means. He now took a handsome house in Stephen's Green, Dublin; the seat belonging to the late lord chief baron Foster, father of the Irish chancellor of the exchequer, near Dublin, was purchased, and new carriages were built for him. But an inactive life had no charms for him, and he embarked the greatest part of his fortune in a banking house, which has been very successful. Lady Leighton, whose mild and amiable manners endeared her to all ranks, died some time since, and left him a numerous family.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOUTHEY'S MADOC.

THE heroic epopea justly passes for the most difficult achievement of poetic art: the classical works of this kind are still rare, not in our language only, but even in the collective mass of literary production.

The fable of Madoc has much peculiarity. It is the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, antedated. It has two parts. In the former, Madoc narrates to his brother, the Welsh king, both the motives and consequences of his voyage of discovery, and collects a fresh supply of colonists to settle the country he had found. His departure from Wales terminates this division of the poem, which has eighteen books. The finest of them are entitled Cadwallon, Llewellyn, Llaian, Rodri. The story of the blind Cynetha, the interview with the rightful heir of Wales, the discovery of Hoel's child, and the farewell of Rodri, are among the most pathetic scenes in the whole compass of epic poetry. The fault of this part consists in its dwelling too little on the voyage, which is the proper business of the poem; and too much on the internal feuds of Wales, the result of which are not to occupy the reader's attention. There is also an improbable resemblance between the several female characters introduced.

In the second part, Madoc and his new associates arrive in Aztlan, but find the natives no longer in a friend-

ly and hospitable temper. Their superstitious prejudices have been alarmed, and they are confederating to expel the christian intruders. A war begins. Madoc is taken prisoner, and on the point of being sacrificed to idols. The courage and skill of the few Welsh at length triumph over the savage hordes, who agree to evacuate a province in favour of Madoc and his companions. This division of the poem has twenty-seven books: those might have been much condensed, which are subsequent to the rescue of Madoc; for the event is from that time decided, and the interest decays. The Snake-God, the Battle, the Victory, are good cantos; and the episode of Coatel and Lincoya is affecting. The characters of the savages are well drawn; they are more discriminate and various than those of the Europeans.

The total absence of mythology, the consonance with chronicle and tradition, and the antiquarian fidelity of costume, with which the manners, both of the Welsh and of the Indian nations, are depicted, give to this poem an impression of reality attained in no other similar work. The degree of illusion approaches that produced by the historic plays of Shakespeare: it bears to those epic poems, in which supernatural machinery is employed, the relation which a tragedy bears to an opera. Aristotle defines the epopea to be tragedy in recital; this definition applies closely to Madoc.

With the exception of marvellous interposition, this poem has many resemblances with the Odyssey, the Æneid, and the Lusiad; and will eventually be ranked by criticism between the first and last of these poems. It has the advantage over them all in the character and majesty of the chief personage. With Gama one hardly becomes acquainted; he is no more of a hero than the name of his ship. Æneas never interests but on his way to hell: his civility to Palinurus (except the *ipse subibo humeris*) is the only trait of heart in his character. The rapacity, the selfish unfeeling, the low cunning of Odysseus, degrade him from that moral rank which is essential to sympathy. Sophocles felt this deficiency of Homer; and in a fine scene of his Philoctetes, has contrasted the sincere and generous Neoptolemus with the insidious and crafty Odysseus. Madoc is such a Neoptolemos in middle age: he interests at once and all along, by his affections, his resources, his difficulties, and his virtues.

The style is equal, as in Leonidas; not various, as in Thalaba: it is correct, not daring: it is most successful in the descriptive passages, which are every where vivid and picturesque: the metaphors are few; the epithets are inlaid with novel aptness. The language is rather trailing like that of Spenser, than condensed like that of Milton; it is somewhat deficient in rapidity, vigour, and splendour, and would gain by the insertion of more imitations, similies, and bursts of diction. The oratory too should be fuller of thought, argument, and maxim. The poet has pursued to excess the praise of invention and originality; he has disdained transplantations from the works of his predecessors, though Tasso wrought so beautiful a patchwork with shreds. It is in literature as in the world, he ranks highest who spends most; no matter whether he borrows or owns what he bestows. Plagiarism is even a source of reputation; for the well-read critics have in all ages taken pleasure to indicate the *whence* of stolen passages, and therefore edit and annotate most willingly the purloiner.

Had Mr. Southey got this poem done into Welsh by Mr. Owen, or some other zealot of Myvyrian Archaiology; had he so published it with a Latin interpretation, and then given us the original as a mere version from some old bard, envy would have been cheated, and curiosity aroused, and Madoc would soon have surpassed in *Europeanity* of repu-

tation the pretended works of Ossian. In its present sincere form it will win a less easy way to fame; but it will not have to make a returning step.

It is easier to blame than to praise; canker-like to nibble at the laurel-leaf, than to water its varnish into higher lustre: but our limits forbid the detailing of those scattered passages in which we wished for abbreviation. As a whole, the censure of Madoc is difficult; one must make a grievance of the levelness of manner, of the extent of narration, and of the absence of the wonderful, in order to provide the hostile converser with topics of invective. Against such cavils, the philosophic criticism of Hobbes has suggested an appropriate reply. "There are some (says he) who are not pleased with fiction unless it be bold; not only to exceed the work, but also the possibility of nature. They would have impenetrable armours, inchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. I dissent from those who think that the beauty of a poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of historical, so the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty. In old time, among the heathens, such strange fictions and metamorphoses were not so remote from the articles of their faith, as they are now from ours, and were therefore not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of nature a poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of nature never."

To all the other epopeas constructed on this principle, such as the Henriad, the Araucana, the Pharsalia, Mr. Southey's is far superior. Since the appearance of Milton's Paradise Lost, no poem has quitted the English press equal in merit to Madoc. It is a great and a durable accession to our literature, a fit object of national pride, and of European gratulation.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCHES BY A NATURALIST.

THE ARABIAN CAMEL.

IN the *Menagerie du Museum*, at Paris, there are two Arabian camels, which were given to the republic, in 1798, by the dey of Algiers. At their arrival they were about three years of age. Their hair was almost white, except on the top of the hunch, where it was somewhat red. They are now become of a darker, or greyish-red, colour. In Egypt, the grey ones are thought the strongest. There are some camels that are black and white, but they are very scarce. The male eats thirty pounds of hay a day, and the female twenty: each of them is allowed a pail of water a day.

There are likewise two Bactrian camels, each with two hunches on its back; and it is supposed that they are at least fifty years of age. They are males, and were formerly employed, on particular occasions, to draw a carriage. They always sleep with their eyes open.

THE SLOW LEMUR.

Several of these little animals (not larger than a small cat) have been brought into England. In the English climate it is necessary to keep them very warm; and so extremely tender are they, that no care has hitherto been able to preserve them alive for more than two or three years. Their usual food in confinement is bread and milk; but they are most fond of fruit. From their constant inclination to climbing, they are generally kept in high wire cages, similar to those for parrots; and, during the greater part of their waking hours, they amuse themselves in climbing round the sides, and to the perches placed in different parts. They sleep in the day, rolled up somewhat like a ball, and regularly awake just as the evening

begins to set in. Their eyes, like those of a cat, shine in the dark. They are sufficiently gentle to admit of persons handling them; but whenever they are suddenly roused from sleep, they snap at the fingers of the intruder with great appearance of ill-temper. By most of the keepers of wild beasts, these animals are denominated *sloths*.

THE LION.

Jannequin, in his voyage to Senegal, relates a singular combat betwixt a Moorish chief and a lion, on the bank of the Niger. This prince took Jannequin and his suite to a place adjoining a large wood, much infested by wild beasts, and directed them to mount the trees. Then getting on his horse, and taking three spears and a dagger, he entered the wood, where he soon found a lion, which he wounded in the buttock. The enraged animal sprang with great fury at his assailant, who, by a feigned flight, drew him where the company were stationed. He then turned his horse, and in a moment darted a second spear at him, which pierced his body. He alighted, and the lion, now grown furious, advanced with open jaws, but he received the animal on the point of his third spear, which he forced into his gullet; then at one leap springing across his body, he cut open his throat with the dagger. In this contest, the Moor's agility and address was such, that he received only a slight scratch on the thigh.

DOGS.

These animals are so much respected by Mahometans, that, in some of the Levant towns, large endowments have often been given by will for maintaining a certain number of dogs and cats; and at Constantinople there are persons regularly paid to see the intention of the donors put in execution by feeding them in the streets. For this purpose, also, in several towns, people station themselves at corners to sell victuals for dogs. Some of the Turks, out of charity, have them cured of wounds that they happen accidentally to receive, but particularly of the mange, with which these creatures are here miserably afflicted in old age. Yet with all this charity towards them, the Turks have a rooted detestation for them, and in times of pestilence, they kill as many as they can find, imagining that it is these *unclean* creatures which infect the air.

THE OSTRICH.

An ostrich, kept in the *Menagerie du Museum* at Paris, devoured stones, metal, and other things, equally indigestible. This animal was known to take at one time near a pound weight of stones, pieces of copper, and iron.

In 1801, a female ostrich, during two months, laid six eggs, three of which were without shell. One of them, which was perfect, was as large as those laid by the animals in their native climates, was immediately weighed, and it was found equal to two pounds and fourteen ounces. Two of the eggs were cooked, and they were thought to be preferable in flavour to those of a poultry-hen.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Kalm tells us that this well-known inhabitant of the woods of North-America is so shy, that if any person discover its nest, and only look at the eggs, it immediately forsakes it. The young ones require great care in being bred up in confinement. If taken from the mother, and put into a cage near the place where they are found, she feeds them for a few days; but, seeing no hopes of setting them at liberty, she at last flies entirely away. It often happens that the young ones soon afterwards die, and, doubtless, in a great measure, from the loss of their natural food. It is, however, a supposition, among the common people, that the last time the mother brings food, she

finds means to poison them, in order the sooner to deliver them from slavery and wretchedness. These birds remain all summer in the states, but retire in the autumn to the more southern parts of America, where they pass the winter months. How far is this account true?

THE FLAMINGO.

Dampier saw a few flamingos in the Cape de Verd islands. He attempted to shoot some of them, but they were so shy, that he found this very difficult. The flesh of both old and young was lean and black, yet was good eating, and neither fishy, nor otherwise unpleasant.

He says, that when many of them are standing together, beside a pond, they appear, at the distance of half a mile, like a brick wall, for their feathers are of the colour of new red bricks, and they often range themselves in strait lines.

The young ones are at first of a light grey, and, as their wing-feathers spring out, they become darker; but they do not attain their proper colour, nor their usual beautiful shape, till they are at least ten or eleven months old.

THE AMERICAN COCK-ROACH.

Blatta Americana of Linnæus.

This, one of the most loathsome of all insects, swarms in most hot climates of the western world. They are so flat, that they creep into every chest or drawer where there is the least crevice. They gnaw woollen clothes of every kind, but especially such as have had hair-powder on them. What is very remarkable, they will not touch silk of any kind. They frequently throw off their exterior skin; and after every change of this they appear fresh and young. The Americans know this species by the name of *kakkerlac*. It is sometimes brought over alive amongst clothes or merchandize in vessels from the West-Indies into Europe. In the houses of many parts of America they often commit great depredations, in gnawing and devouring both clothes and provisions, and it is extremely difficult to guard against their ravages. With respect to provisions, every thing that they run over contracts from them so nauseous a smell as to render them scarcely eatable.

According to Reaumur, these cock-roaches have a formidable enemy in a large species of *sphex*. He says, that when one of these spheges encounters a cock-roach, it seizes it by the head, pierces its body with its poisonous sting, and afterwards carries it off into its hole. In this it has deposited its eggs, and the bodies of the cock-roaches serve the *larvæ* for food till they are able to attain their winged state.

Whence can the apparently ridiculous name of *cock-roach* be derived?

THE AMERICAN LOCUSTS.

Cicada Septendecim of Linnæus.

A writer in the Philosophical Transactions relates, that, about the middle of the seventeenth century, there were such swarms of these insects, that, in New-England, for the space of two hundred miles, they destroyed all the trees. Innumerable holes were seen in the ground out of which they had broken forth in the form of *larvæ*, or maggots. "These (he says) being turned into winged insects, had a kind of tail or sting, which they stuck into the tree, and thereby envenomed and killed it."

The females pierce the tender branches of trees with the dart at the posterior extremity of their bodies, depositing their eggs in the holes thus formed. But it is the great voracity of these insects in actually devouring the foliage that does most harm.

THE FLESH-FLY.

Musca Vomitoria of Linnæus.

Lewenhoek says, that the maggot, or *larva*, of the flesh-fly arrives

at its full growth, and is ready for changing into a chrysalis in five days after it is hatched. This is one instance how well all animals are adapted to their situation and peculiar mode of life. Were longer time necessary, before the change takes place, most of the animals must necessarily die; for, being hatched in the summer, their food, which is flesh, would be exhausted. Most other maggots, whose food does not waste so soon, continue much longer, before their change.

BUGS.

Cimex Lectularius of Linnæus.

It is not certain whether these insects were first brought over into Europe from America, or into America from Europe. Many of the inhabitants of the new continent look upon them as indigenous; and, in proof of this, say, that they have often been found under the wings of different species of bats, where they had eaten through the skin, very deep into the flesh. It was believed that the bats got them in hollow trees, and had from thence brought them into houses, since in these they commonly fix themselves close to the walls, and creep into any little chinks which they can find. It seems, however, probable, that, on the contrary, bats may have taken them, originally, from the chinks in the houses where they have lodged, and not from the trees.

THE BRIMSTONE YELLOW BUTTERFLY.

Papilio Ramni of Linnæus.

This elegant insect, if the weather happens to be mild, appears on wing towards the end of March. The female deposits her eggs in April, mostly on the buck-thorn (*Rhamnus Catharticus*), or wild rose-bush. The young caterpillars come into life a few days after; and, as they increase in size, they change their skins, generally at the end of about every fourteen days. They arrive at their full growth in the middle of June, and, in a few days afterwards, change into chrysalis. The butterflies that proceed from these are mostly on wing about the last of August. The caterpillars from the eggs of this breed are full fed before the end of September, when they go through their usual metamorphoses, and the chrysalis are perfected. In this state they remain till March, when the warm days bring them on the wing.

This butterfly is sufficiently common in a winged state, but its caterpillars are very rarely to be met with.

CANCER MACROURUS.

In Bartram's Travels in North America, we have the following curious account of the contentions of this animal with some gold-fish:

"On my return, I found my philosophic companion, Mr. Macintosh, seated on the bank of a rivulet, highly entertained by a very singular exhibition, in which I participated with high relish. The waters at this place were still and shoal, and flowed over a bed of gravel, just beneath a rocky rapid. In this eddy shoal were a number of little gravelly pyramidal hills (whose summits rose almost to the surface of the water), very artfully constructed by this species of craw-fish, which inhabited them. Here seemed to be the citadel, or place of retreat, for the young ones, against the ravages of their enemy, the gold-fish. These, in numerous bands, continually infested them, except at short intervals, when small detachments of veteran craw-fish sallied out upon them from their cells within the gravelly pyramids, at which time there was a brilliant sight presented. The little gold-fish instantly fled on every side, darted through the transparent waters like streams of lightning; some even sprang above the surface into the air; but all quickly returned to the charge, surrounding the pyramids, as before, on the retreat of the craw-

fish. In this manner the war seemed to be continual."

The above craw-fish is not a Linnæn species. Bartram calls its enemy a gold-fish. It is not, however, the Chinese fish generally known by this name, the *Cyprinus Auratus* of Linnæus.

THE GALERE.

Medusa Infundibulum of Linnæus?

This is called galere by the natives of some parts of the western coast of Africa. Adanson saw great numbers in the river Niger. He says, that nothing can bear a nearer resemblance to a bladder with air, and painted a beautiful red, than the body of the galere. It has a funge upon its back, and eight arms under the belly, that descend, and serve it as it were to ballast the body, which floats along through the water, and is tossed to and fro by the winds and waves. This medusa is caustic to such a degree, that, when it is touched, a pain is immediately felt as if the hand were burnt. M. Adanson took one into his hand, by way of trial, and held it till he began to feel its effect. This appeared externally by a little degree of redness, attended by a kind of pricking, and an inflammation which continued for four hours afterwards. By a very slight contact of the inflamed hand, the pain was communicated to all the tender parts of the body, as the face and neck, but more especially to the eye-brows.

For the Literary Magazine.

AUTHENTIC PARTICULARS OF THE MURDER OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR PAUL.

ONE of the first acts of Paul's reign was sufficiently singular. He removed his father's body from its place of interment, and carried it to be deposited in the same vault with his mother, after having exhibited it in state, and forced Orloff and Baratynski, the murderers, first to keep watch beside it, and then to attend the procession as chief mourners. Notwithstanding this and similar freaks, Paul was no more a madman than other despotic sovereigns, who, wanting the genius required for a steady pursuit of great designs, fill up their leisure by the unlimited indulgence of their capricious fancies. Like them, he seems to have been extremely suspicious; and prince Zubof, his mother's last favourite, fell under his displeasure, notwithstanding the very important service he had rendered, in delivering up Catharine's will, which appointed Alexander her immediate successor. His estates and those of his brothers were sequestered; and though this sentence was almost immediately recalled, he was ordered to reside upon his property. He availed himself of the influence of madame Chevalier with the emperor, to obtain a share of his favour for one of his own friends; and the two favourites together prevailed upon Paul to receive Zubof once more into his good graces. His first measure was to plan the assassination. He associated with himself several other noblemen of great rank and influence, who agreed in opinion, that, to save the empire, it was necessary that the emperor should be removed. Whatever may have been the motives of the other conspirators, those of the ringleader are sufficiently plain. He began by betraying the trust reposed in him by Catharine, in order to secure the favour of Paul. Failing in this scheme, he narrowly escaped that ruin which the unsuccessful intriguers for power, under a despotic prince, commonly find to be their only alternative. He wished to try the chance of a new monarch, who might repay treachery somewhat better, or, at any rate, might be less capricious than the old one. And he intrigued to obtain a renewal of Paul's favour, in order to have a better opportunity of accomplishing his murder.

The conspirators having arranged their measures, proceeded in the following manner.

It was the custom of the emperor to sleep in an outer apartment next to the empress's, upon a sopha, in his regimentals and boots, whilst the grand duke and duchess and the rest of the imperial family were lodged at various distances, in apartments below the story which he occupied. On the tenth day of March, O. S., 1801, the day preceding the fatal night (whether Paul's apprehension, or anonymous information suggested the idea, is not known), conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent to count P——, the governor of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved on his destruction: "I am informed, P——," said the emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me; do you think it necessary to take any precaution?" The count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such apprehensions to haunt your mind; if there were any combinations forming against your majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it." "Then I am satisfied," said the emperor, and the governor withdrew. Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender solicitude for the empress and his children, kissed them with all the warmth of farewell fondness, and remained with them longer than usual; and after he had visited the centinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber, where he had not long remained, before, under some colourable pretext that satisfied the men, the guard was changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. A hussar, whom the emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bed-room door, in the anti-room. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier, by any fair means. At this momentous period, silence reigned throughout the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the centinels, or, at a distance, by the murmurs of the Neva; and only a few lights were to be seen distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark colossal abode. In the dead of the night, Zubof and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the draw-bridge, easily ascended the stair-case which led to Paul's chamber, and met with no resistance till they reached the anti-room, when the faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them, and presented his fusee: much as they must have all admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity, which might have endangered the whole plan; Zubof drew his sabre and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awaked by the noise, sprung from his sopha: at this moment the whole party rushed into his room: the unhappy sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself in the chairs and tables; then recovering, he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. Finding that they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life; declared his consent instantly to relinquish the sceptre, and to accept of any terms they would dictate. In his raving, he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates, and titles, and orders without end. They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window: in the attempt he failed, and indeed so high was it from the ground, that had he succeeded, the expedient would only have put a more instantaneous period to his misery. In the effort, he very severely cut his hand with the glass; and as they drew him back, he grasped a chair, with which he felled one of the assailants, and a desperate resistance took place. So great was the noise, that, notwith-

standing the massy walls and thick double folding-doors which divided the apartments, the empress was disturbed, and began to cry for help, when a voice whispered in her ear, and imperatively told her to remain quiet, otherwise, if she uttered another word, she should be put to instant death. Whilst the emperor was thus making a last struggle, the prince Y—— struck him on one of his temples with his fist, and laid him upon the floor: Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life: at this moment, the heart of prince Zubof relented, and upon being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, "We have passed the Rubicon: if we spare his life, before the setting of to-morrow's sun, we shall be his victims!" Upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the neck of the naked emperor, and giving one end to Zubof, and holding the other himself, they pulled for a considerable time with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was no more: they then retired from the palace without the least molestation, and returned to their respective homes.

For the Literary Magazine.

PARTICULARS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN TRADE.

THE following hints respecting the trade of the Mediterranean, though originally suggested by an English merchant, may gratify the curiosity, if not promote the advantage of the merchants of America.

The commerce of the Mediterranean in general could occupy a much greater capital than is at present embarked in it, by English merchants. This is evident from the high rate of the profits which this trade now yields. The gain is frequently thirty and forty *per cent.* from port to port, along the coasts of the sea, and for very short voyages. The different nations which surround it, prefer English merchants, and British manufactures and colonial produce, to those of France. The superior excellence of British wrought commodities, as well as the greater proportional cheapness of their freight, counterbalance the greater length of the voyage; and the scale would be weighed still lower by the high character of the nation in its mercantile dealings. Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, it is common to see the whole ports of a nation filled with French shipping, and scarcely to meet with a single English flag. Such facts can only be explained by the profits of some other employments of stock being higher, or by some check to the interference of English traders in the Mediterranean commerce, which does not operate against France.

The coasting trade of the Mediterranean seems to be less considered than it deserves, since vessels will frequently lie in port waiting for their cargoes several months, at an expence of four or five hundred pounds, when so great a profit as thirty or forty per cent. might be obtained, by the transport of goods from port to port, while the assortments are making up. Leghorn is a proof of this.

What must be the extent of the French commerce with the Mediterranean states, when in one year (1797), the merchants of Marseilles alone, loaded in the different ports of Tunis, above three hundred sail of vessels, from eighty to three hundred tons burthen.

When the trade of the Mediterranean shall have received the attention which it deserves from the merchants of Great Britain, and the encouragement which the government ought to give it, it will rival the commerce of the West Indian colonies, in the amount of shipping which it can employ. Above two hundred ships, of more than two hundred tons, may find employment in the direct trade between Britain and the Mediterranean, without including the fish-trade. A great

number of smaller vessels, perhaps not less than a thousand, might be employed in the carrying or coasting trade of that sea, and in collecting cargoes for the larger ships to bring home. The trade of the Black Sea opens a wide field of speculation, hitherto scarcely attempted. The profits of a voyage from thence to the Mediterranean, are almost incredible; and the number of vessels required for the whole of this extensive commerce, would exceed two thousand of all sizes.

The faithlessness of the nations or sects who have no flag, or whose flag is not respected by others, is a point, which merchants trading in the Mediterranean cannot too carefully attend to. The chicaneries practised by the subjects of its petty states, and by the tribes which belong to no particular government, are not generally known.

In the Barbary states the Jews are very numerous. However solemnly they may have bound themselves in any contract with a European, they will not abide by it, if the smallest gain can be made by breaking it, unless the particulars of the agreement have been previously registered in one of the European consular offices, and samples deposited. In most other places they are bound by agreement in the presence of a broker. The Greeks are still more faithless than the Jews. Being oppressed, rather than neglected by their own government, and finding all representations in vain, which they can make for redress against injuries or insults of foreigners, they take the law into their own hands. When a Greek vessel is insulted by a stronger ship of any other nation, the crew submit in patience; but the first vessel of inferior force belonging to that nation, which they meet, is sure to suffer for the insult. They will destroy all on board, and then plunder and sink it: so that meeting a Greek and an Algerine may be almost equally dangerous. Though the Armenians are much more trust-worthy than the Greeks, in the countries where they chiefly abound, no man can travel from one province to another without a passport; and the Turks, employing them in almost all their commercial transactions, protect them in their traffic, and even treat them with some respect. The inhabitants, in general, of the hereditary dominions of Austria, are the most virtuous people in Europe.

Some material changes, not generally known, have of late years taken place in the political situation of the Barbary states. Tunis, the most considerable, has been rapidly improving since the administration of Sidi Mustapha, the late prime minister. He encouraged the cultivation of corn and olives, which now form the principal articles of exportation. This has served much to civilize the inhabitants, who, from a state of perpetual warfare with the christians, and often among themselves, begin now to feel the advantages of commerce; and the duties on exports at present form the greatest part of the bey's revenues. The beneficial effects of this improvement are, however, disclosing themselves slowly and partially; for the bey still collects his annual revenue by means of a large army: every thing must be done by force, without it, the tribes of the interior would pay no tribute, and in consequence, very little commercial intercourse can be carried on between the provinces. A company has obtained from the bey the monopoly of hides and wax, two considerable articles of exportation. For a yearly sum, and for undertaking to clothe the troops, they have the privilege of buying all the wax and bullocks' hides produced in the kingdom, at a stipulated price. It is strange, that in many parts of Italy, the governments should, in some degree, have adopted this African custom, and claimed the hides of the oxen slaughtered within their jurisdiction.

No part of Europe, except, perhaps, some parts of Turkey, is so little known as Sardinia, though its name is as familiar to us as that of

France or Italy, and it is placed in the neighbourhood of the most civilized portions of the globe. It is naturally extremely fertile, producing wine and grain, the latter in such perfection, that the Sardinian bread is equal to any in the world. There is an internal navigation from the north-west to the south-east corner, fit for small craft. The inhabitants of the country are savages, who dress themselves in goat-skins with the hair outward, and never shave the beard; they go always armed, and are all robbers; they scruple not, for the smallest booty, to murder any stranger that falls in their way; and no one can travel with safety, unless he is not only well armed, but accompanied by guides and guards of the country. It is even unsafe for a ship to wood and water on the eastern coast of the island, without arming its crew. The contrast between the natives of the country, and those of Cagliari, its capital, is very striking. The latter scarcely ever venture beyond their walls, and live in a style of absurd pomp and affectation. Every one above the lower ranks wears a court dress upon all occasions, and this fashion extends even to the inferior orders, on holidays. The facilities of this island for commerce, both with the rest of the Mediterranean, and beyond the Streights, are great and numerous, but totally neglected.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE EFFECTS OF OLIVE OIL ON THE HUMAN BODY.

IN the kingdom of Tunis, the people usually employed as *coolies* or porters, are, in general, natives of Gereed, or the country of Dates, about three hundred miles from the sea coast. Their dress is, in general, a wide woollen coat, undyed, with short wide sleeves, wraped round the body, and tied round the waist with a *cumber band*: they wear no shirt, and seldom either trousers, shoes, or stockings; they have always a scarlet woollen cap, and sometimes a coarse white turban. The coolies employed in the oil stores seldom eat any thing but bread and oil: they smear themselves all over with oil, and their coat is always well soaked with it. Though the plague frequently rages in Tunis, in the most frightful manner, destroying many thousands, yet there never was known an instance of any of these coolies, who work in the oil stores, ever being in the least affected by it. In the summer, these coolies sleep on the bare ground: in the night, scorpions, and other venomous reptiles, run about them in great numbers, yet the coolies are never injured by them. Nor do the musquitoes, which are always very troublesome to other people in hot climates, ever molest those people, though their face, hands, and arms, from their elbows, are exposed, as well as their legs and feet: any other people, so much exposed, would be nearly destroyed by the musquitoes. In Tunis, when any person is stung by a scorpion, or bit by any venomous reptile, they immediately scarify the part with a knife, and rub in olive oil as quickly as possible, which arrests the progress of the venom. If oil be not applied in a few minutes, death, particularly from the sting of a scorpion, is inevitable. Those in the kingdom of Tunis are the most venomous in the world. The strength and agility of these coolies and porters, are almost incredible. One of them has often been seen to carry a load upon his back, which weighed half a ton English weight, a distance of thirty or forty yards.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF CATHARINE II.

CATHARINE showed remarkable promptitude and decision in putting down a set of fanatics, one would think but little likely to gain converts. Their fundamental tenet

was, that emasculation is indispensably necessary to salvation; and this principle proved so popular, that it spread, and threatened the radical extinction of society.

The Jacobin emissaries were making some progress among the lower orders of the people in Petersburg. Catharine had them all seized one evening, and carried to the lunatic asylum, where they were properly shaved, blistered, starved, and physicked. After fourteen days of this wholesome regimen, they were restored to the public view, and universally shunned as insane. Had this harmless experiment failed, she had another mode of treatment in store, and prepared for its adoption, by quickly building a vast state prison.

When Catharine assembled deputies from all the provinces of her vast empire, to approve of her new code, two Samoids were asked what legislative provisions they thought best adapted to their nation? "Our laws are few," said one of them, "and we want no more." "What," exclaimed the empress, "do theft, murder, and adultery, never appear among you?" "We have such crimes," answered the deputy, "and they are punished: the man who deprives another of his life, wrongfully, is put to death." "But what are the punishments of theft and adultery?" interrupted Catharine. "How!" said the Scythian, with equal astonishment, "are they not sufficiently punished by detection?"

For the Literary Magazine.

PORTRAIT OF A DANTZICK MERCHANT.

THE god of gold seemed to have made this spot his favourite temple, to have constituted a bag of corn his chosen altar, and to have recorded his oracles in a ledger: the ramparts of the town seem preserved only to repel hospitality and generosity. The Dantzickers keep a cash account of civilities, and never indulge in festivity without resorting to calculation. A calculating countenance, under a little bob-wig, shining brushed cocked hat that has seen good service, a brown coat, waistcoat and breeches of the same colour, worsted stockings, a pair of shining little silver buckles, and an ivory-headed cane, denote the thrifty Dantzicker. The very beggar in the streets seems to expect a double proportion of bounty for his misfortune, and for the trouble of asking relief. As I was purchasing some articles at a grocer's, for my journey, his wife held a little child in her arms, not old enough to speak, to whom I gave a pear, and, presently after, I presented him with a gulden, a little coin, which he griped, apparently with the same instinct that would induce a young bear to rifle a honey-jar, and dropped the fruit. The little grocer seemed much pleased with his son's preference, and, in German, as well as I could understand him, exclaimed, "that he would make a brave little tradesman."

For the Literary Magazine.

A PROSPECT OF SWEDEN.

A Fragment.

THE scenery of Sweden is very desolate and dreary. As we skirted some of the lakes, which every where abound, we saw the peasant women half-knee deep in water, washing their linen: they looked hardy and happy. The architect must ever be governed by nature, in the size, shape, and materials of his building. Sweden is one continued rock of granite, covered with fir; hence the cottages, which are only one story high, and many of the superior houses, are constructed of wood, the planks of which are let into each other in a layer of moss, and the outside is painted of a red colour: the roof is formed with the bark of the birch, and covered with turf, which

generally presents a bed of grass sufficiently high for the scythe of the mower. The floors of the rooms are strewed with the slips of young fir, which give them the appearance of litter and disorder, and the smell is far from being pleasant. Nothing can be more dreary than winding through the forests, which every now and then present to the weary eye little patches of cleared ground, where firs had been felled by fire, the stumps of which, to a considerable height, were left in the ground, and at the distance resembled so many large stones. Inexhaustible abundance of wood induces the peasant to think it labour lost to root them up; and they remain to augment the general dreariness of the scenery.

The population in both the provinces of Scania and Smaland, is very thinly diffused: except in the very few towns between Flensborg and Stockholm, the abode of man but rarely refreshes the eye of the weary traveller. At dawn of day, and all day long, he moves in a forest, and at night he sleeps in one. The only birds we saw were woodpeckers. The peasantry are poorly housed and clad; yet, amidst such discouraging appearances, their cheek boasts the bloom of health, and the smile of content. Their clothes and stockings are generally of light cloth; their hats raised in the crown, pointed at top, with large broad rim, and round their waist they frequently wear a leathern girdle, to which are fastened two knives in a leather case. The country, in these provinces, appeared to be very sterile; only small portions of its rocky surface were covered with a sprinkling of vegetable mould.

One day, wearied by the eternal repetition of firs, we were, without the least preparation, suddenly enlivened by the sounds of a military band; and an abrupt opening in the forest displayed, as by enchantment, an encampment of a fine regiment of the Lindkoping, or, as it is pronounced, Lindchipping infantry: their uniform, which is national, is blue, faced with yellow. The instantaneous transition from the silence and gloom of woods, to the gaiety and bustle of the camp, was very pleasing.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LATEST EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN'S POEMS.

NO well-informed person now pretends that Ossian is a historical authority, or that a collection of Gaelic poems any where exists, of which Macpherson's version is a faithful, or even a loose translation. But there no doubt existed, before the times of Macpherson, a sort of general basis of tradition, on which the poems, whether collected or composed by himself, appear to have been founded.

It is allowed, by all, that numberless traditions were current in Ireland concerning the Fenij or Fions, a species of militia inhabiting Leinster, and commanded by Fin MacCoul, termed by Macpherson, Fingal, the son of Comhal. Among these warriors, occur the well-known names of Goll MacMorn, (Gaul, the son of Morni), of Osgur the son of Oisin, the Ossian of Macpherson, of Fergus and Fillan, and other warriors; and, finally, of Ossian or Oisin himself, who lived, like Aneurin, to "weep and sing the fall" of his deceased friends. These traditions were mingled with others, concerning a different and earlier military order in Ulster, called the *Croabh Ruadh*, or Knights of the Red Branch. Of these, Connal Caernach was chief, or Grand Master; but Cuchullin, or Cuthullin, was their greatest support and ornament. These two classes of heroes, are commemorated in various poems, chiefly of the ballad kind, of which there is a large manuscript collection in the university library of Dublin, and which are still preserved among the native Irish by oral tradition. Several of these were

published by miss Brooke, in 1789, accompanied by an English poetical version.

But Fin MacComhal and Cuthullin were not celebrated in Ireland only. The inhabitants of Argyleshire, and other districts of the West Highlands of Scotland, had also current amongst them the tales of their exploits, from a very early period. Similarity of language and manners, with the constant intercourse betwixt the Scottish Highlanders and the Irish, rendered the transmission of popular poetry, from one to the other, a very simple and common event. But the Scottish editions of these songs do not uniformly represent the champions as of Irish origin: on the contrary, Oscar and Fingal are sometimes expressly stated to be from Albin. Not only was the renown of Fingal thus preserved in Celtic song, but occasional notices of his traditionary fame are found in ancient Lowland authors. When Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, was defeated by MacDougal, lord of Lorn, he placed himself in the rear of his retiring bands, and checked the pursuit of the victors. "Behold him," said MacDougal to one of his leaders, "he protects his followers against us, as Gaul the son of Morni defended his tribe against the rage of Fingal." This passage is from Barbour, who wrote in 1375. In a sort of interlude, or theatrical exhibition, written about 1525, and occurring in the Bannatyne MS., *Wealth*, an allegorical personage, is introduced in the character of a dwarf, and jocularly affirms himself to be descended from the race of giants, quoting, among his ancestors, "Fin MacCoul" and "Gow MacMorn." Gawain Douglas also notices these Celtic heroes, among other subjects of romantic fiction.

"Great Gow MacMorn, and Fin MacCoul, and how
They suld be Goddis in Ireland as men say."

The songs concerning Fingal are mentioned by Boece, and by Kirk, translator of the Psalms into Gaelic, and are reprobated by bishop Carswell, in 1567, "as vain, tempting, lying, worldly histories, concerning the Suatha de Dannan, and concerning warriors and champions, and Fion, the son of Cumhal," &c. Finally, in maintaining the antiquity of these traditions, the Highlanders appeal to the names of their mountains, glens, and rivers, many of which are derived from those of the Fions, or followers of Fingal.

With all this evidence, it appears in the highest degree unjust to disallow a certain foundation to the fabric erected by Macpherson. Johnson was entitled to deny that the ancient Celt "swaggered in a pair of embroidered velvet breeches;" but prejudice only could doubt his being furnished with a tartan philabeg. There was good reason to suspect the affected sentimentality of Macpherson's Ossian; but it was also natural to suppose, that a nation of hunters and warriors, as the Highlanders remained, almost to this day, a nation, the government of whose tribes was patriarchal, and therefore depended upon genealogical tradition, with whom poetry was a separate and hereditary calling, and whose language is a dialect of the ancient Celtic, must necessarily have possessed much original legendary lore.

On the other hand, no patron of Celtic poetry, however zealous, will now assume the high ground originally taken by Macpherson. That Fingal's exploits and Ossian's songs should ever have been adopted by the historian as guides through the second and third centuries, is indeed wonderful; and it is pitiable to behold the learned and accurate Henry painfully pursuing his course by the guidance of such an *ignis fatuus*. No one believes that Fingal gave battle to Caracalla, and that the eagles of Carausius fled behind the wall of Agricola at the approach of Oscar. This system of chronology was adopted by Macpherson rather inconsiderately, since it extends the green old age of Fingal, in the last of

his fields, to the antediluvian period of a full century. Neither is it doubted, that Macpherson used numerous and undue liberties with the poems which he collected; that he added, connected, retrenched, and altered, till they formed a whole, very different from the parts of which it was originally composed. This seems to be admitted by the ablest defenders of the authenticity of Ossian.

Such are the points which the disputants seem willing to concede. But there lies betwixt them a space somewhat narrowed, yet still ample and broad enough for controversy.

Malcolm Laing, well known for his historical labours, to the second volume of his History of Scotland has added a dissertation on Ossian, intended to prove, from historical and internal evidence, that these productions are totally and absolutely spurious; for, though the existence of Irish ballads on Ossian's subjects is admitted, yet it is affirmed, that, from these, Macpherson only adopted a few facts and names which he varied according to his own taste. The origin of the poems is imputed to the resentment which Macpherson entertained for the cold reception his avowed production, a poem called the Highlander, had met from the public, which induced him at once to vindicate the cause of his muse, and to open a new way to literary distinction. These positions Mr. Laing has illustrated, with great acuteness, by passages taken from the Highlander, and from other poems, sacred and profane, which he has contrasted with parallel ideas and expressions, occurring in Macpherson's Ossian.

The Highland Society of Edinburgh had, in 1797, appointed a committee to inquire into the nature and authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, by whose direction, queries, very distinctly and accurately framed, were transmitted to every one who, from personal knowledge or opportunities of inquiry, was supposed capable of throwing light upon the subject. The labours of this committee were probably stimulated by Mr. Laing's dissertation. The report of this committee was published about the same time with a splendid edition of "The Poems of Ossian, &c., containing the poetical works of James Macpherson, Esq., in prose and rhyme, with notes and illustrations, by Malcolm Laing." The notes are intended, contrary to general usage, to destroy the authority of the text.

The following letter from David Hume to Dr. Blair, accurately states the evidence which we are entitled to expect from the defenders of the authenticity of Ossian. Dr. Blair had applied to his celebrated friend concerning the reception of his Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, in which he had warmly maintained them to be genuine. Mr. Hume, in his answer, notices the general incredulity of English men of letters upon this subject, increased both by the contumacy of Macpherson, who gave himself airs of refusing to satisfy those who doubted his veracity; and by reflections on the extreme improbability that such long connected pieces should have been preserved by oral tradition during fourteen centuries. He then points out the antidote to this prevailing scepticism.

"The chief point," says he, "is to get positive testimony from different hands, that such poems are vulgarly recited in the Highlands, and have there long been the entertainment of the people. This testimony must be as particular as it is positive. It will not suffice, that a Highland gentleman or clergyman says that he has heard such poems: nobody questions that there are traditional poems in that part of the country, where the names of Ossian and Fingal, and Oscar and Gaul, are mentioned in every stanza. The only doubt is, whether these poems have any farther resemblance to those published by Macpherson. I was told by Bourke, a very ingenious Irish gentleman*, that on the first publication of Macpherson's book, all the Irish cried

* Edmund Burke.

out, *We know all those poems; we have always heard them from our infancy;* but when he asked more particular questions, he could never learn that any one had ever heard or could repeat the original of any one paragraph of the pretended translation. This generality, then, must be carefully guarded against.

"Your connexions among the clergy may here be of great use. You may easily learn the names of all the ministers of that country who understand the language of it. You may write to them, express the doubts that have arisen, and desire them to send for such of the bards as remain, and make them rehearse their ancient poems. Let the clergymen then have the translation in their hands, and let them inform you that they heard such a one, naming him, living in such a place, rehearse the original of such a passage, from such a page to such a page of the English translation, which appeared exact and faithful. If you give to the public a sufficient number of such testimonies, you may prevail: but I venture to fortel that nothing less will serve the purpose; nothing less will so much as command the attention of the public.

"Becket tells me that he is to give us a new edition of your Dissertation, accompanied with some remarks on *Temora*. Here is a favourable opportunity for you to execute this purpose. You have a just and laudable zeal for the credit of these poems. They are, if genuine, one of the greatest curiosities, in all respects, that ever was discovered in the commonwealth of letters; and the child is become yours by adoption, as Macpherson has totally abandoned all care of it. These motives call upon you to exert yourself; and I think it were suitable to your candour, and most satisfactory, to publish all the answers to all the letters you write, even though some of these letters should make somewhat against your own opinion. We shall be more sure that no arguments are strained beyond their proper force, no contrary arguments suppressed, where such an entire communication is made to us. Becket joins me heartily in this application; and owns that the believers in the authenticity of the poems diminish every day among men of sense and reflection. Nothing less than what I propose can throw the balance on the other side."

The Highland Society, in the list of queries by which they prosecuted their researches, conformed very nearly to the plan recommended by Hume.

But the names of the heroes, and some of their more noted adventures, being deeply rivetted in the imaginations of the Highlanders, it has become difficult for them to understand that it is the fidelity of Macpherson's translation which is in question, and not the existence of traditionary poetry respecting Ossian and Fingal. Much of the evidence produced is exceptionable, on account of this generality of expression. It is also to be lamented, that many Highlanders should attach a degree of national honour to the affirmative decision of the question. It has been absurdly made a *shibboleth*, to distinguish the true Celt from his Saxon or Pictish neighbours; and, of course, it becomes more difficult to attain truth, in proportion as the passions take arms in the controversy.

In this report, many witnesses affirm the genuineness of passages in Ossian, which, upon examination, prove to be taken from the ballad of Magnus, a poem which Macpherson made the groundwork of his own attempts, and the authenticity of which has never been questioned.

When Dr. Fergusson mentioned his having heard, in early youth, a poem recited concerning an invasion of Ireland, from which he quotes a very short passage, which he recognized in Macpherson's Fingal: this also proves to be a part of the same ballad of Magnus. In short, so artfully has Macpherson availed himself of every scrap of poetical tradition which then floated in the Highlands, that it becomes al-

most impossible for the natives, even when as unprejudiced as the philosophical Fergusson, to read them, without recognizing events, and even phrases, with which they were familiar in infancy; and hence arguing from a part to the whole. Were "Chevy Chace" dilated into an Italian epic poem, those desirous of ascertaining its authenticity could easily procure abundance of testimonies from persons who, in England, had heard it sung in the nursery. Of the thousands who hear poetry recited, on how few is any thing impressed, except the general turn of the story, and perhaps here and there a striking expression; and where these are ingeniously wrought into a new composition, the memory affords no accurate means of distinguishing it from the original.

Fingal seems to be chiefly founded on the ballad narrating the invasion of Magnus the Barefoot, who made a descent upon Ireland, in which the bards represent him as conquered by Fingal and the Fions, or Fenii. It contains about fifty stanzas of four lines, which Macpherson has dilated into six long books. The story is this: Magnus, king of Norway, arrives on the south-west coast of Ireland with a thousand barks. Fergus, the beloved son of Fingal, is dispatched by his father to inquire the purpose of the strangers. Magnus demands the spouse of Fingal, and his dog, the famous Bran, in token of subjection. These terms are rejected by Fingal with disdain. He encourages his chiefs to fight, and each chuses a hostile leader as his particular antagonist. "I myself," says Ossian, "though I am feeble this night, chose the king of Terman of bloody battles, and I severed his head from his body." The array of Magnus and the Fions is described: "We reared the sun-beam upon the staff, the standard of Fingal of high renown, beautifully studded with gold and precious stones, and held by us in great esteem. Many were the gold-hilted swords. Many were the standards raised upon the poles, in the battle-array of the son of Conchal of the feasts. Many were the spears reared over our heads. Many a coat of mail, many a chief, many a shield, and many a breast-plate; many a king's son, and many a thane; not a man without arms." A bloody battle ensues. The two chiefs meet and engage; their blows fall like the hammers of two smiths on an anvil; they close and wrestle; when, after a dreadful contest, in which their feet remove the stones and little bushes, Magnus falls, and is bound. Fingal generously spares his life, and offers him his choice, either to return to Norway in safety, or again to try his fate in battle. Magnus vows never again to lift his sword against his generous conqueror; and with his departure to Lochlin the poem concludes. In this sketch we perceive a rude outline of Macpherson's epic. But the introduction of the previous battle betwixt Cuthullin and Swaran, and all the details, which extend the contest to no less than six books, are unauthenticated by any Gaelic original. Pieces, however, are here and there inserted from detached ballads, which the translator pressed into his service. Thus we have the famous description of Cuthullin's chariot; the war-song of Ullin; the wooing of Ossian; the Maid's Tragedy, a well-known Gaelic poem, which is the groundwork of the episode of Fainasolis and Borbar king of Sora, and probably a poem, now imperfect, on which was founded the tale of Agandecca. All these are separate pieces, unconnected with each other, but the genuine offspring of the Celtic muse.

The Battle of Lora, the next piece for which any authority has been recovered, is founded on the poem called Erragon. The incidents are related by Macpherson with considerable accuracy; the diction is as different as east from west. The following is a sufficient example.

"Son of the distant land, who dwellest in the secret cell! do I hear the sound of thy grove? or is it thy voice of songs? The torrent was

loud in my ear; but I heard a tuneful voice. Dost thou praise the chiefs of thy land; or the spirits of the wind? But, lonely dweller of the rocks! look thou on that heathy plain. Thou seest green tombs, with their rank whistling grass: with their stones of mossy heads. Thou seest them, son of the rock, but Ossian's eyes have failed.

"A mountain stream comes roaring down, and sends its waters round a green hill. Four mossy stones, in the midst of withered grass, rear their heads on the top. Two trees, which the storms have bent, spread their whistling branches around. This is thy dwelling, Erragon; this thy narrow house: the sound of thy shells have been long forgot in Sora. Thy shield is become dark in thy hall. Erragon, king of ships! chief of distant Sora! how hast thou fallen on our mountains? How is the mighty low? Son of the secret cell! dost thou delight in songs? Hear the battle of Lora. The sound of its steel is long since past. So thunder on the darkened hill roars, and is no more. The sun returns with his silent beams. The glittering rocks, and green heads of the mountains, smile!

"The bay of Cona received our ships from Erin's rolling waves. Our white sheets hung loose to the masts. The boisterous winds roared behind the groves of Morven. The horn of the king is sounded; the deer start from their rocks. Our arrows flew in the woods. The feast of the hill is spread. Our joy was great on our rocks, for the fall of the terrible Swaran. Two heroes were forgot at our feast. The rage of their bosoms burned. They rolled their red eyes in secret. The sigh bursts from their breasts. They were seen to talk together, and to throw their spears on earth. They were two dark clouds, in the midst of our joy; like pillars of mist on the settled sea. They glitter to the sun; but the mariners fear a storm.

'Raise my white sails,' said Maronnan, 'raise them to the winds of the west. Let us rush, O Aldo, through the foam of the northern wave. We are forgot at the feast: but our arms have been red in blood. Let us leave the hills of Fingal, and serve the king of Sora. His countenance is fierce. War darkens around his spear. Let us be renowned, O Aldo, in the battles of other lands!'

"They took their swords, their shields of thongs. They rushed to Lumar's resounding bay. They came to Sora's haughty king, the chief of bounding steeds. Erragon had returned from the chace. His spear was red in blood. He bent his dark face to the ground; and whistled as he went. He took the strangers to his feasts: they fought and conquerred in his wars.

"Aldo returned with his fame towards Sora's lofty walls. From her tower looked the spouse of Erragon, the humid rolling eyes of Lorma. Her yellow hair flies on the wind of ocean. Her white breast heaves, like snow on heath; when the gentle winds arise, and slowly move it in the light. She saw young Aldo, like the beam of Sora's setting sun. Her soft heart sighed. Tears filled her eyes. Her white arm supported her head. Three days she sat within the hall, and covered her grief with joy. On the fourth she fled with the hero, along the troubled sea. They came to Cona's mossy towers, to Fingal king of spears." p. 273—78.

The original ballad tells us simply, that one day, when St. Patrick had no psalms to sing, he went to Ossian's house, and asked him to tell what was the greatest danger that ever befel the Fenii. Ossian answered literally thus:

"Fin, at a feast in Almhuin, in the age of heroes, forgot some of the Fions on the Red Hill, which excited their anger and resentment. 'Since you did not admit us to the honour of the feast,' said Maronnan of the sweet voice, 'I and the noble Aldo withdraw ourselves for a year from the service of Fin.' They silently, at their departure, put their shields and swords on board their

ships. The two noble chiefs went to the kingdom of Lochlin of polished reins. The fair champions were for a year the friends of the king, the son of royal Conchar of sharp weapons, and Aldo who never refused a request. The queen of Lochlin of brown shields, conceived a strong passion, which she could not conceal, for long-haired Aldo of arms. With him she carried her deceit into execution, and fled from the bed of the king."

This is a specimen of the manner in which Macpherson has embellished those incidents which he derived from an antique original. In the ballad there is no splendid scenery, no sentimental exclamation, no romantic effusions of tenderness or sensibility; it is a matter-of-fact statement, in which the intrigue is narrated as plainly as it would have been in a case of *crim. con.*; and the venerable Ossian tells his story to St. Patrick, in the style of a half-pay officer describing his campaigns to a country parson.

"Carthon" is founded on the tale of Conloch, natural son of Cuchullin, who, educated in Scotland, comes to Ireland, encounters his father without being known to him, and is slain by him. Macpherson has laid the scene in Scotland, at the expence of much probability, since the vicinity is so much increased betwixt the father and son, that their total ignorance of each other is impossible.

For "the death of Cuthullin," no Gaelic original has been discovered. Macpherson was probably ignorant of a very wild Irish poem or tale on this subject. It imputes the death of the hero to the arts of magic, and, amidst the greatest extravagancies, contains some striking passages.

"Darthula" is well known in the Highlands, under the name of Devidre; but the story is materially altered by Macpherson, and is adapted to the plan of Temora, which he was then revolving. One of the most ancient manuscripts recovered by the Highland society, contains a copy of this poem.

In this ballad, are some gleams of poetry and pathos, such as usually occur in the ballads of a rude age, mixed with the repetitions with which they are always overlayed. But neither the address to the Moon, with which Macpherson opens his poem, nor the song of Cairbar's hundred bards, with which it concludes, and perhaps not a single passage, of any length or importance, betwixt the one and the other, are to be found in the ancient manuscript.

"Carrick Thura" is chiefly remarkable, as containing the encounter of Fingal with the Spirit of Loda. We have in the report, the original Gaelic from the copy of Macpherson himself, with a literal Latin translation, which, as might have been expected, coincides exactly with the English version. But no mention of the Spirit of Loda occurs in Gaelic poetry, saving in the very sophisticated collection of Kennedy. The name is imitated from Odin; but no one ever heard of the *Circles* of Odin, or of the Spirit of Odin, not to mention that the northern legislator was probably cotemporary with Fingal. There is an Irish ballad concerning an apparition, called the Spirit of Murartach, which came walking upon the waves to attack the host of Fin. It is sometimes called a spirit, sometimes a beast or monster, and after making much havock among the Fions, was slain by Fingal.

"Lathmon" has, as usual, some foundation in Celtic poetry. The tale of Lammon Mor, or Lathmon the Great, begins more in the style of Macpherson's Ossian than most of the Gaelic poems. It opens with an address to Dun-Lathmon (*i. e.* the strength of Lathmon), a hill so called, because, after having ravaged Almhuin (the Selma of Macpherson), Lathmon fortified himself on that mountain, where he was defeated and slain by Osgur. But the reader will look in vain for the story of Lathmon, as told by Macpherson, for the night attack by Ossian and

Gaul, and for all the imagery which Blair has extolled as diversifying the scenes of military carnage.

The first book of Temora made a part of Macpherson's first publication. It seems to be founded on the poem celebrating the fatal battle of Gabhra, in which Osgur and most of the Fions were slain. The circumstances of the quarrel at the feast, Cairbar's demand of Osgur's spear, and much of the beautiful description of that hero's death, are to be found in the Cath-Gabhra. A traditionary race of heroes is often thus represented as extirpated in one unfortunate battle. The defeats of Camlan and Roncesvalles, were as fatal to the fabulous chivalry of Arthur and Charlemagne, as that of Gabhra to the Fions. It was natural to ascribe a grand and striking catastrophe to the persons who had figured in so splendid a drama. Macpherson has, however, totally altered this conclusion, and thereby laid the foundation for the succeeding events in Temora, the composition of which he then meditated.

All these pieces, with two or three others, are contained in Macpherson's first publication. As he advanced in fame, he became more regardless of detection; and for the poems in his second volume, no genuine authorities can be found. The whole of Temora, except the death of Oscar, is his own composition.

Such are almost all the originals which can now be produced for the poems of Ossian. It is remarkable that they all refer to Macpherson's first publication, in which, doubtless, he thought it necessary to preserve a certain degree of caution, and to give as much authenticity to his poems as he could, consistently with his plan of kneading them into a cake of the right leaven for the sentimental and refined critics, whom it was his design to fascinate. Every tradition or morsel of ancient poetry which he could pick up, seems to have been carefully inserted in advantageous and conspicuous places; so that each piece was sure to recal to the Highlander some traditionary fact or legendary story with which he was well acquainted, and which, perhaps, few were displeased to recognize in a garb so different from its native and rude dress, as to interest the admirers of poetry through all Europe. The weaving a web in which truth and falsehood should be warped and blended together in inseparable union, was too arduous a task to have been carelessly pursued. It is natural to believe that he made every exertion in his power to collect the remnants of legendary tales relating to the Fions, because it was his obvious interest to do so, if he meant to carry on his scheme with the least prospect of success. No doubt he recovered manuscripts of some antiquity, containing the ballads, which he afterwards wrought up into epic poems. Nay, we must allow that Macpherson collected and used many poems now lost. Indeed, much difficulty would arise from the change of manners in the Highlands, where the habits of industry have now superseded the amusement of listening to the legendary narrative, or heroic ballad; where, consequently, the faculty of remembering, and the exercise of repeating such tales and songs, are altogether in disuse, or only retained by a very few persons of extremely advanced age, or feeble health. But, still did Macpherson's translation of these poems, however numerous, correspond to the tone and spirit of the original? or were the expressions, the sentiment, the description in the greater part of them his own; the story and the names alone adopted from the Gaelic?

All readers must observe a prodigious and irreconcileable difference betwixt the Ossian of Macpherson and such of those ballads as have appeared. The latter agree in every respect with the notion generally entertained of the poetry of a rude people. Their style is unequal; sometimes tame and flat; sometimes turgid and highly periphrastic: sometimes they rise into savage energy, and sometimes melt

into natural tenderness. The subject of most is the battle or the chase: love, when introduced, is the love of a savage state. Ossian comes to the dwelling of Branno of silver cups, and demands his daughter in marriage: she is betrothed, without being consulted; and gives her hand to Ossian, whom she had then seen for the first time. In manners, the heroes are as rough as the ladies are frank and condescending. The wrangling which pervades their councils, the jealousies betwixt Fingal and Gaul, are peculiar to a savage tribe; since the latter, I am sorry to say, did not hesitate to knock the tuneful Carril on the head, for disputing with him the property of a beef-steak dressed with onion sauce. It is scarcely necessary to contrast these barbarous chiefs with the followers of Macpherson's Fingal: there, all is elegance, refinement, and sensibility; they never take arms, but to protect the feeble, or to relieve beauty in distress; they never injure their prisoners, nor insult the fallen; and as to Fingal himself, he has all the strength and bravery of Achilles, with the courtesy, sentiment, and high-breeding of sir Charles Grandison.

But this difference is neither the most striking nor the most indelible mark of Macpherson's manufacture. He has not only refined and polished the manners of his heroes, but he has added a system of mythology, and a train of picturesque description and sentimental effusion, of which there is not the least trace in any Gaelic originals. The ghosts, the eternally recurring subject of simile and description, we cannot trace in any of the Gaelic ballads. Macpherson was probably puzzled about his mythology, which the critics of that time thought essential to an epic poem. Christianity was excluded, since it must have brought his heroes to a later period than convenient; and it being a matter of great risk to imitate Psalmanazzaar, by inventing for the Fenii, a new system of supernatural belief, he was forced to confine himself to the vulgar superstition concerning the spirits of the dead, common to the Highlanders, with the ignorant in all nations. The translator of Fingal seems indeed to have resolved, with the steward in Gay's What-d'ye-call-it, that the reader should not only have ghosts, but a plurarity of them; and, though attended with great effect on some occasions, their frequent and useless appearance impresses us rather with contempt, than with fear or reverence. The situation of Ossian himself, Macpherson has heightened and improved, so as to produce much poetical effect. In the genuine poems, indeed, he often alludes to his age; but the frequent and pathetic reflections; those effusions of sentiment, sometimes beautiful and sometimes bombastic, are only to be found in Macpherson's version. In the original, the wooing of Everallin is addressed to a young woman who had refused Ossian a drink, unless on certain conditions, which the aged bard was incapable of accepting. She then applied to him the contemptuous epithet of old dog. "*He* is a dog," answered the bard, "who is not compliant; I tell you, wanton girl, I was once valiant in battle, though I am now worn out with years. When we went to the lovely Evir of the shining hair," &c. This is, by Macpherson, thus happily altered and applied to Malvina, the widow of Oscar; "a fictitious personage," says Mr. Laing, "for whom there is no foundation, even in tradition." "Daughter of the hand of snow, I was not so mournful and blind, I was not so dark and forlorn, when Everallin loved me; Everallin with the dark brown hair, the white-bosomed daughter of Branno."

The ancient Scots were not incapable of generous or kindly feelings; and their poetry, to be authentic, need not be devoid of occasional sublimity, or even elegance. But the character of all rude poetry, whether in diction or sentiment, is inequality; bursts of generosity, flow-

ing from the feeling of the moment, and not from the fixed principles acquired in a civilized society, will always be attended by an equally capricious and irregular exertion of the angry passions. Byron mentions, that an Indian, who had just saved his life, was going, an hour after, to murder him for throwing away a muscle-shell. The passions and feelings of men in a savage state, are as desultory as their habits of life; and a model of perfect generosity and virtue would be as great a wonder amongst them, as a fine gentleman in a birth-day suit. Ossian may, indeed, have exaggerated the virtues of his countrymen. But Ossian, however gentle or generous his natural disposition, can hardly be supposed to have formed for his countrymen an ideal standard of perfection, depending on a refinement drawn from the internal resource of his own mind, and inconsistent with all he witnessed around him. We might expect to meet with some peculiarities respecting the manners of the ancient Celts, in genuine poems of the length of Macpherson's. But, alas! what hints of this kind occurred in the original ballads or legends, were rejected by his fastidious delicacy; and what is substituted in their place, is drawn from sacred or classical poetry. Thus, the daughters of Morven mourned for Lorma one day in the year, as the daughters of Israel mourned yearly four days for the victim of Jephthah's vow; and no better authority than the fables concerning Styx will be found for the ghosts hovering on the lake of Lego, till the song of the bards had dismissed them to the winds. "The honour of the spear" is explained as a tournament, when the natives of Argyleshire were strangers to the use of horses, except for draught, as the rest of Europe were to the Tourney, which was not introduced before the tenth century.

The report has, in opposition to these arguments, produced specimens of Celtic poetry, supplied by Dr. Smith of Campbelton, which, if authentic, its author regards as very strong evidence, since in these poems are found not only the same high and impassioned strains, but also the same delicacy and refinement of sentiment and feeling, which form so extraordinary a feature in the poems translated by Macpherson.

The specimens which follow, and which are exceedingly beautiful, are fully equal to the best of Macpherson's poetry.

Of this poem Mr. Macdiarmid has also furnished the committee with a copy. But "The Bed of Gaul," one of these specimens, Mr. Laing treats as "*a well-known fabrication, which the author himself would not now, as a christian and a clergyman, venture to attest upon oath as authentic.*" If Dr. Smith does not make the proposed attestation, we shall think the doctor a very elegant poet. The extracts from the Death of Gaul, to which the reporter refers, are not only uncommonly beautiful and pathetic, but are in a much chaster style than is characteristic of Macpherson; circumstances in favour of their authenticity.

The poems collected by Kennedy, a schoolmaster in Argyleshire, labour under stronger suspicions. The collector communicated some of them to Dr. Smith, who candidly states,

"On my observing the beauty in one or two passages, the person who gave it me said these were his own composition. This assertion I placed then to the account of his vanity; but I think it right to state it to you as I had it."

The Highland Society purchased Kennedy's manuscripts; but no inquiries have been made how far he is now disposed to affirm or retract what he averred to Dr. Smith. There is, no doubt, much ancient poetry in his collection; for much is authenticated from other authorities; but we cannot decide in what degree they are interpolated. They come before us unvouched and unsifted, not even certified by the evi-

dence of the person by whom they were collected. It is asked how imposture and forgery should become *muses* to such a man as Kennedy? But let us reflect how many Scottish rhymers arose from the lowest ranks, animated by the fame of the Ayrshire ploughman, and then consider whether the far more splendid success of Macpherson was less likely to be a source of inspiration, in a country where romantic scenery and natural enthusiasm are themselves a sufficient impulse to poetic talent.

We may ask, have no originals been recovered, nothing approaching nearer to the poems of Ossian as translated into English, than the rude strains of Deirdre, Cath-Gabhra, and other legendary ballads? Are there no manuscripts of antiquity and authority, and what has become of those to which Macpherson and others have referred?

No manuscripts have been discovered, which claim any antiquity, bearing relation to the poems of Ossian. The ancient manuscript, containing Deirdre, only shows that Macpherson, in converting the story into that of Carthon, manufactured a ballad written by another bard into a tale of Ossian. That Macpherson collected and possessed several manuscripts, is true. What they contained is absolutely unknown; for none of them are now to be found among his papers; nor has any one who saw them been able to ascertain their contents. Their disappearance is some presumption that they contained nothing to support his translation, or rather, that he was apprehensive of a comparison between them. Some ancient manuscripts have been recovered by the committee, chiefly the produce of cloister leisure, probably not often thus occupied, as one amanuensis avowedly breaks off for lack of ink. But nothing of Fingal, Temora, or any of the long compositions which Macpherson represented as so popular, have been found either in manuscript, or oral tradition. The only manuscripts, therefore, are those of Macpherson himself, who doubtless composed in Gaelic with the same facility as in English.

Much stress is laid by some on the antiquity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, fairly written out in Macpherson's own hand. Those who make this observation have no *data* upon which to found it. The ancient MSS. in the Highlands are few, and the character unintelligible, but to a few scholars, to whom they have generally been inaccessible. And are they less liable to imposition than those hoary antiquaries who, having made the early language of England their daily study, with written specimens before them of its progress in every stage, were grossly duped by Chatterton, a stripling of seventeen? Nothing is more easy than to smoke into antiquity the mere language of a poem, if a man be acquainted with the history and manners of the age to which he would refer it, or, like Macpherson, is contented to set them at defiance. Warm feelings of enthusiasm have led the most respectable characters in this controversy to assent, from internal conviction, to positions void of all external evidence.

But, while obliged to deny that Fingal lived, or that Ossian sung, it is surely sufficiently honourable to Scotland and Macpherson, that the eighteenth century has produced, in a remote corner of the Highlands, a bard capable of making the strongest impressions on all poetical minds, and of giving a new fashion to poetry throughout Europe.

There is something very strange and perverse in the conduct of both Macpherson and Chatterton. Men in general, and poets in particular, are covetous of fame; and this passion often misleads them into impostures and deceptions of a kind directly the reverse of those imputed to these men. They are generally disposed to arrogate to themselves the merit of other men's performances; and to depreciate the time or labour spent upon their own; and to conceal the extent of that debt which they owe either to other poets, or

their own laborious application and correction. This observation has been one of the strongest motives for believing in the authenticity of Rowley and Ossian; and certainly its weight is such, that nothing but the strongest adverse evidence is sufficient to take it away. But when this imposture is clearly detected, it is not extremely difficult to find out motives that will rationally explain the conduct of the deceivers. In the first place, experience shows that vanity can find a refined and delicious banquet in the praise bestowed thus unconsciously and indirectly on ourselves; that the fancy and invention can receive an extraordinary impulse from thus assuming a fictitious character; that success is more certainly obtained to our literary efforts, by gaining over to our side the prejudice natural to all men in favour of antiquity in general, and especially to that of our own country. Great and notorious besides is the magic of a style sanctified by ancient usage, and readers make manifold allowances in judging of writers who flourished in an age comparatively barbarous or ignorant. The latter circumstance, indeed, is of wonderful influence. Our judgment of works is always relative to the opportunities and situation of the workman, and we admire in a savage what would scarcely excite notice in a European academic; and conduct may be thought prodigious in a child of three years old, which would be unheeded or despised in a man of thirty.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

SENTIMENTS OF THE ANCIENTS UPON THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE.

IT is a melancholy and striking story, and well accords with these gloomy and uncomfortable ideas to which the ancient philosophers, as well as poets, too much surrender themselves, which Plato relates of Agamedes and Trophonius, who, after building the Temple of Apollo, having prayed for some special instance of the god's regard, and being assured that their prayer was granted, fell asleep, and awaked no more. Of the same nature is the well-known story of Cleobis and Biton, who drew the chariot of their mother, the priestess of the sun, at Argos.

Of the many positive evils to which human life is subject, and the frequency and variety of which appear to justify, in a great measure, the melancholy complaints and gloomy fancies of the ancients on this subject, old age holds the foremost rank with its concomitant curses.

"Exult, O man, in the strength of thy youth!" says Ossian. "Age is dark and unlovely." The same sentiment is dilated by Mimnermus, in the most beautiful fragment that survives to us of his works. The principal recommendation to the indulgence of love and pleasure among the writers of "the olden time" was drawn from the short duration of the space allowed to it by Nature. Mimnermus was a philosopher as well as poet. His effusions were not those of fancy and of genius merely, but the results of profound deliberation, and the serious doctrines which he delivered to his followers*. He was the inventor of elegy, a species of poetry to which (in its original uncorrupted state) the most noble and honourable qualities were ascribed, which (as bishop Lowth, *De Sacra Poesi Hebr.* observes) was "wise, holy, severe; the guide of life, the mistress of morality; the conductress of states, the forerunner of virtue." The verses referred to are the following:

* The peculiar doctrines of Mimnermus, perhaps the very poem I am now illustrating, were alluded to in the well-known lines of Horace:

Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore.

O what is life, by golden love unblest?
Be mine, ere then, eternally to rest!
The furtive kiss (soft pledge) and genial tie
Are flow'rs of youth that, passing, smile and die.
Old age succeeds, and dulls each finer sense,
When all we hope at most is reverence.
Age brings misfortune clearer to our view,
And choaks the spring whence all our joys we drew,
And scatters frowns, and thins the silvery hair,
Hateful to youth, unlovely to the fair.****
****Ah, me! alike o'er youth and age I sigh,
Impending age, and youth that hastens by.
Swift as a thought the flying moments roll,
Swift as a racer speeds to reach the goal.
How rich, how happy the contented guest
Who leaves the banquet soon, and sinks to rest!
Damps chill my brow, my pulses fluttering beat,
Whene'er the vig'rous pride of youth I meet,
Pleasant and lovely; hopeful to the view
As golden visions, and as transient too.
But, ah! no terrors stop, nor vows assuage,
The coming gloom of unrelenting age.

Homer, speaking of Amphiaraus, the prophet who attended Adrastus to the siege of Thebes, says, "He was beloved by Jupiter and Apollo with superior affection; and he never reached the threshold of old age." The same great poet has given us, in his Odyssey, one of the most complete and affecting pictures of the weakness, melancholy, and "wretchedness" of an unhappy old age that can be imagined, in the character of Laertes. Two lines of Menander, preserved by Stobæus, are most exquisitely sad and feeling. They contain the remonstrance of an old man, who has long puhce forgotten the taste of happimanusend, in a sort of gloomy recononly manto evil, ceased to feel the absence of it. His recollection is suddenly aroused by some expressions of those around him, and he exclaims, "I am a miserable old man, one who had begun to forget his sufferings, and you have refreshed my memory, and caused me to become a second time unhappy." Dante says,

——Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria!

These are observations very common in the pathetic poems of the Greeks, and they still, perhaps, occasion the most melancholy sensations that even our better philosophy can experience.

Optima quæque Dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit, subeunt morbi, *tristisque senectus*,
Et labor, & duri rapit inclementia mortis.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth;
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan. * * *
* * * Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old Age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

BEATTIE.

An epigram of two lines by Lucillius shows, in one view, and in the strongest manner, the melancholy ideas which the decline of life presented to the minds of the ancients, and the contempt in which they held that fond attachment, or natural weakness, which clings to life even among calamities the most oppressive, and in situations the most unhappy.

When for long life the old man pours his pray'rs,
Grant, Jove, an endless life of growing years!

The pain which is generally found in this life to tread close on the

heels of our greatest pleasures, is another very fertile subject for complaints of human misery. Nay, the very pleasures we enjoy are often snares in our way to entrap us into misery. "*Munera ista Fortunæ putatis? Insidiæ sunt.*" SENECA. Under the influence of sickness and pain, what a wretched animal is man! But when the raging pestilence seizes on a whole people, when private calamities are swallowed up in one great public ruin, how truly terrible is the picture! how humiliating the aspect of human nature! Then all is awful, gloomy, suspense, and horror. The voice of cheerfulness is disgusting and repulsive. The admonitions of philosophy can scarcely be felt or heard.

(ARCHILOCUS *apud* STOB.)

O, Pericles! in vain thou spread'st the feast
To drive away the heart's unwelcome guest,
When o'er the state disease and death impend,
And heaven's high arch the people's clamours rend!
Like the wild billows of the deeps profound,
The tide of pestilence rolls wide around.
Their bosoms swell with pangs unfelt before;
But yet th' immortal gods reserve in store,
E'en for their fiercest ills, a sovereign cure,
With patient souls those evils to endure.
Heav'n's vengeance will not always last. If we
Now weep in blood, our nature's misery,
Soon shall the heavy scale of evil turn,
And our full draught augment another's urn;
O! suffer then the common trials sent,
And cast away your womanish lament.

Poverty is of itself an evil sufficiently distressing, and hard to be endured. The poor man has need of the smiles and attentions and protection of the favourites of fortune; of encouragements to industry, and incentives to hope for better things. How pernicious is the tendency of the following sentiment, preserved in a passage of Menander!

For mere subsistence hard indeed was he
Who train'd the beggar's hand to industry;
For hence the wretch who builds, or ploughs the soil,
Prolongs a life of poverty by toil.
The grave alone to quiet opes the door,
And breaks the fetters of the wearied poor.

But it would be endless to quote to our purpose the many passages in the Greek writers respecting the evils of poverty. The *Anthologia* furnishes us, among several, with the following epigram on the subject*, which, notwithstanding its want of ornament, speaks at least the true language of the heart:

O, Poverty, how long wilt thou delay,
Unbidden inmate, with thy host at strife?
Fly to some other dome, nor always stay,
The sad unsought companion of my life.

Tyrtæus, in a most spirited and feeling passage of his elegies, beautifully contrasts the lengthened sufferings of want and banishment of the exiled wanderer, who is reduced to support an aged parent, a tender wife, a helpless offspring, in a foreign land, by beggary, with an honourable though premature death on the field of battle.

But all the miseries just enumerated are of scarce any importance when weighed against those which man brings upon himself by his own folly, perverseness, and crimes. It

* A great proportion of these little poems consist of a single thought, suggested by the feeling, and clothed in the language, of the moment; and, when thus considered, even the most simple among them, and some (which, to the fastidious and undistinguishing, may appear destitute of taste, and almost of meaning) will have their peculiar merit and beauty. Of this nature evidently is the epigram here translated.

is with some reason, when these circumstances are taken into view, that he is deemed inferior to brutes, both in sense and in enjoyment. It is accordingly thus that the moral Menander reproves his vanity:

Sure ev'ry animal that creeps the earth
Is far more blest than those of human birth.
Vain man the boast of reason must resign,
That empty boast, laborious ass, be thine.
Wretched by fate, thy lot doth Heav'n bestow,
And never wert thou to thyself a foe.
But we, if ever Jove in pity spares,
Forge for ourselves unnecessary cares.
If any sneeze, we grieve; at Satire's smile,
Or Calumny's rude breath, our spirits boil.
Our coward souls start at an empty dream,
We shrink and tremble at the night-bird's scream.
The soul's contentions, mad Ambition's strains,
Opinion's dogmas, Law's inglorious chains,
Are but the modes our fertile minds create,
To add new pangs to every sting of Fate.

The following epigram by Palladas presents a most mournful image of the pilgrimage through this "vale of tears."

In tears I drew life's earliest breath,
In tears shall give it back to death,
And all my past quick-fleeting years
Have been one varied scene of tears.
O, race, for ever doom'd to mourn,
To weakness, pain, and misery born!
Then driv'n to unknown shades away,
To ashes burnt, resolved to clay!

So much is there in the mere tastelessness of existence, the vacuum, the satiety, the disgust which enjoyment leaves behind it. But when to this is added the long catalogue of evils which life affords, we find ample room for the indulgence of those melancholy fancies, and gloomy images, with which the writings of the ancients abound. They felt the universal influence of sorrow on all ages and conditions.

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,
Nor politic old age,
Nor virgin's pleading, nor the widow's pray'rs,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tow'r,
Nor prince, nor peer, nor page,
Can 'scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

After so many instances of the melancholy which predominates in in all the ancient poetry on the subject of human life, it may be expected that a few epigrams or minor poems of a contrary nature should occur to enliven the gloom in which we find ourselves involved. But it is surprizing how very few of this nature are found in the *Anthologia*, or among the fragments of dramatic writers. The following, ascribed to Metrodorus, may claim attention.

Whatever path of life you chuse to tread,
Praise and wise deeds the active senate yields;
At home is rest, to crown your grateful bed;
Great Nature leads her graces o'er the fields.

The sea invites with golden views of gain,
And riches spread in foreign lands your fame;
If poor, you unobserv'd can want sustain,
Content with penury unallied to shame.

If married, blest and honour'd is your state;
If single, you are blest because you're free;
The father joys, no cares the childless wait,
In youth is strength, in grey hairs dignity.
Then false the lay that bids thee hate to live,
Since every form of life can pleasure give.

Yet even this is an exact parody on another poem by Posidippus, and was only made as an exercise of wit, and the indulgence of an idle moment. The reverse of the picture will immediately bring us back where we were before.

What path of life can man desire to tread?
Strife and unworthy deeds the senate yields,
At home black cares are seated on your bed,
And never-ending labour haunts the fields.

Terrors and tempests rule the boisterous main,
The wealthy traveller fears and dangers claim;
But crowds of ills the needy must sustain,
Hunger and toil, and insolence and shame.

If married, cares corrode the marriage state;
If single, joyous gloom is all thy fee:
The father, plagues; the childless, sorrows wait;
Folly's in youth, in age new infancy.
The only choice of wishes life can give
Is, ne'er to have been born, or then have ceased to live.

A fragment of Antiphanes, preserved by Stobæus, contains the following sentiment:

Man never willingly embraced his fate,
But oft reluctant, in life's golden hours,
Is downward dragg'd, by Charon's gloomy hate,
From his glad banquets, and his roseate bowers.

This presents a lively picture of the gloomy notions of the ancients respecting death. How dreadful, then, must be the sufferings of life, when even death itself is considered by them in the light of a refuge and a blessing! That this was not the mere imagination of a poetical mind, a fancy that would shrink from the actual trial, appears from the frequency of suicide among them. The most trivial circumstances, the most transient feelings, seem to have occasioned and justified it. Speusippus killed himself to get rid of the dropsy, after meeting Diogenes, whom he bade good morrow, and who thereupon said, "No good morrow to you, who can bear to live in such a state." Athenæus records the story of two young Athenians, Antocles and Epicles, who, having made an agreement to live together, spent all their substance in the excess of voluptuousness, and then put an end to their lives, by pledging each other in a bowl of hemlock-juice at their last feast. A story somewhat similar, but worked up with circumstances of singular horror, appeared some years since, of some German gentlemen, who had entered into such another confederacy to destroy themselves. Callimachus has left us an epigram on the death of a young man, a native of Ambracia, who killed himself after reading Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. The story is taken notice of by Cicero.

Cleombrotus, upon the rampart's height,
Bade the bright sun farewel, then plung'd to night.
The cares of life to him were yet unknown;
Gay were his hours, his days unclouded shone;
But Plato's word had fir'd his youthful eye,
And fix'd his soul on immortality.

We have many instances, in ancient story, of that fatal precipitance which hurries men sometimes to the commission of this desperate act to avoid only expected evils, or to get rid of merely fancied ones. It was such a death by which Brutus and Cassius were swept off from the theatre of the world. Montaigne tells a singular anecdote of the same nature connected with a signal event in modern history. The duke d'Enghien, who commanded at the battle of Cerisoles, attempted twice, during that day, to put an end to his life, on account

of advantages apparently gained by the enemy; but being fortunately prevented from executing his purpose, he afterwards gained a complete victory.

Suicide was, however, even by the ancients, considered as a crime, and to be punished as such in another world. Virgil says,

Proxima deinde tenent mœsti loca, qui sibi Lethum
Insontes perperêre manu, lucemque perosi
Projecêre animas.

Plato allows but three reasonable causes of suicide; public trial, unavoidable and dreadful change of fortune, and insupportable disgrace. The speech of the Spartan king Cleomenes to one who advised him to kill himself after his defeat by Antigonus, was dictated by real courage and nobleness of soul.

But what must that poor man have suffered, in what scenes of agonizing distress must he have borne a part, who forsook the busy crowds of the city, and in gloom and solitude consigned himself alive to his sepulchre? a mode of death, in comparison to which,

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, were a paradise."

A few lines by an anonymous poet record the fate of a man thus miserable.

By years and misery worn, no hand to save
With some poor pittance from a desperate grave,
With the small strength my wretched age supplied,
I crawled beneath this lonely pile and died.
Screen'd from the scoff of pride, and grandeur's frown,
In this sad spot I laid my sufferings down,
Revers'd the laws of death, the common doom,
And, while my life-blood flow'd, forestall'd the tomb.

On a general review of this melancholy subject, it is almost impossible to conclude otherwise than with Menander, that

A flattering mask the seeming happiest wear,
—Within, man's universal lot they bear.

And with Homer, that care and trouble is the unchanging decree pronounced against the human race, and that happiness is nowhere but in heaven.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XII.

I HAVE been amused this evening by the contemplation of a group of pictures *drawn from nature*, by the pencils of genius, and I trust that an invitation to see the exhibition will be cordially accepted by all who delight to view the discriminations of taste, and are curious to observe how different minds can paint the same object.

THE RIVER OUSE.

By Professor Hurdis.*

Where is the car that bore the hills *away*
To make yon ample basin, bowl immense,
Vast amphitheatre of sky-crown'd downs,
Where oft the hurried waters lose their *way*,
And, spreading wide, become an inland sea,
Land-lock'd by mountains? Where is the strong bar
Which, loosen'd, sea-ward, the contiguous hills,
Hove them aside, and gave to Ouse between

* See "The Favourite Village." B. 1. p. 16.

Sufficient space for his meandering stream
To wind and wander, and to many a farm,
Village, and steeple visitation pay,
Or e'er he pours into the distant deep,
Through the wide fauces of yon giant cliffs,
The obsequious lake that urges him along?

THE COMPANION PIECE.

By the poet Cowper.*

Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along its sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms,
That skreen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While, far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That as with molten glass inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying, on its varied side, the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear;
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.

—

THE MOON-LIGHT OF A SUMMER EVENING.

By Professor Hurdis†.

——————— With delight
He sees the recent moon with horn acute
Fast by the star of evening glow, to trace
The crimson exit of departing day;
And ever with affection hails her beam,
Whether her kindled cheek appear on high,
As tranquil twilight dwindles, half illum'd,
And, westward tending, down the steep of heaven
The chariot of retreating day pursue,
Or, full-faced, meet him on yon eastern hill
Veil'd; if the sun be present, or, with meek
Uncurtain'd aspect, if his orb be sunk.

——The fond poet can with joy behold
The fleece of silver in which decent night
Scarce veils her smiling orb, betraying oft,
Through its dishevel'd border, transient glimpse
Of the pure studded azure, or sweet day
Of moon-beam unrestrain'd.

THE MOON-LIGHT OF A SUMMER EVENING.

By Polewhele.*

How oft, where yon full umbrage, wave on wave,
Floated in air, in sweet delusion lost,
I rov'd; and sought at eve the dripping cave,
And, as the lunar hour I valu'd most,
Welcom'd the line of dancing light that cross'd
The pond's deep shadow, or the still repose
Of moon-lov'd bank, that seem'd to sleep in frost,
Delicious at the day's solstitial close,
Or the rush gleaming green, where lambent meteors rose.

—

REFLECTIONS ON A STORMY NIGHT.

By Cowper†.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.

* See "The Task." B. I.
† See "The Favourite Village." B. I. p. 27.

* See "The Influence of Local Attachment." B. VII.
† See "The Task." B. IV.

Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long,
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles, while she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, *like all terrestrial joys.*
The few small embers left she nurses well,
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees, sit cow'ring o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, *so they be warm'd.*
The man feels least, as more inur'd than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly mov'd by his severer toil;
Yet he, too, finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end,
Just when the day declin'd, and the brown loaf
Lodg'd on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of sav'ry cheese, or butter costlier still:
Sleep seems their only refuge.

REFLECTIONS ON A STORMY NIGHT.

By Professor Hurdis.*

In such a night as this, who feels not heav'n his friend,
To bless him with a warm secure abode,
Impervious to the blast and chilly shower?
Who feels it not vast privilege to sit
And court the glowing embers of the hearth;
'Till, at his bidding, their aspiring flames
Illuminate and cheer his farthest room?
Who thinks his lot unhappy then, to sup
At an ill furnished board, whose only fare
Springs from the dairy and the winnow'd floor?
Who deems not shelter and a crust a feast
To the hard fate of him who plods without,
Fatigued and weather-foiled?——
Is he not lapt in paradise who thinks,
Ere slumber close his eyes, how others toil,
While peace and comfort *curtain him around?*

* See "The Favourite Village." B. II, p. 62.

—

My last number exhibited a more eccentric instance of my disregard of regularity than has yet been observed. I had entirely forgotten my commerce with the fairies of Scotland, and even the lovely Peris of Persia had vanished. Nor did I remember that the attention of many American *sylphs* had been excited, and that it was the height of cruelty to tantalize the curiosity of a woman. I now, therefore, earnestly imploring both their pardon and their patience, resume my extracts.

From the blue mists of Scotland, the reader must now travel to the verdant plains of Italy, where, according to my author, he may trace many dim characters of ancient mythology, in the creed of tradition. Of this singular mixture, a curious specimen may be found in the following tale, wherein the *Venus* of antiquity assumes the manners of one of the fays or fatæ of romance.

In the year 1058, a young man of noble birth had been married at Rome, and, during the period of his nuptial feast, having gone with his companions to play at ball, he put his marriage-ring on the finger of a broken statue of *Venus* in the area, to remain while he was engaged in the recreation. Desisting from the exercise, he found the finger, on which he had put his ring, contracted firmly against the palm, and attempted in vain, either to break it, or to disengage his ring. He concealed the circumstance from his companions, and returned at night with a servant, when he found the finger extended, and the ring gone. He dissembled the loss, and returned to his wife; but, whenever he attempted to embrace her, he found himself prevented by some-

thing dark and dense, which was tangible, though not visible, interposing between them; and he heard a voice, saying, "embrace me! for I am *Venus*, whom this day you wedded, and I will not restore your ring." As this was constantly repeated, he consulted his relations, who had recourse to *Palumbus*, a priest skilled in necromancy. He directed the young man to go, at a certain hour of night, to a spot among the ruins of ancient Rome, where four roads met, and wait silently till he saw a company pass by, and then, without uttering a word, to deliver a letter, which he gave him, to a majestic being who rode in a chariot after the rest of the company. The young man did as he was directed; and saw a company of all ages, sexes, and ranks, on horse and on foot, some joyful and some sad, pass along; among whom he distinguished a woman, in a meretricious dress, who, from the tenuity of her garments, seemed almost naked. She rode on a mule; her long hair, which flowed over her shoulders, was bound with a golden fillet, and in her hand was a golden rod, with which she directed her mule. In the close of the procession, a tall majestic figure appeared in a chariot, adorned with emeralds and pearls, who fiercely asked the young man what he did there? He presented the letter in silence, which the demon dared not refuse. As soon as he had read, lifting up his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, "Almighty God, how long wilt thou endure the iniquities of the sorcerer *Palumbus?*" and immediately dispatched some of his attendants, who, with some difficulty, extorted the ring from *Venus*, and restored it to its owner, whose infernal banns were thus dissolved. FORDUNI SCHOTICHRONICON. Vol. I. p. 407.

But it is rather in the classical character of an infernal deity that the elfin queen may be considered, than as *Hecate*, the patroness of magic; for not only in the romance writers, but even in CHAUCER, are the fairies identified with the ancient inhabitants of the classical hell. Thus CHAUCER, in his *Marchand's Tale*, mentions

Pluto that is King of Fayrie,

and

Proserpine and all her Fayrie.

In the *Golden Terge* of DUNBAR, the same phraseology is adopted. Thus

Thair was Pluto that elricke incubus
In cloke of green, his cortusitin sable.

Even so late as 1602, in HARSENET's *Declaration of Popish Imposture*, p. 57, MERCURY is called *Prince of the Fairies*.

But CHAUCER, and those poets who have adopted his phraseology, have only followed the romance writers; for the same substitution occurs in the romance of *Orfeo* and *Heurodis*, in which the story of Orpheus and Euridice is transformed into a beautiful romantic tale of Faery, and the Gothic mythology engrafted on the fables of Greece.

Heurodis is represented as the wife of Orfeo, and queen of Winchester, the ancient name of which city the romancer, with unparalleled ingenuity, discovers to have been Traciens, or Thrace. The monarch, her husband, had a singular genealogy:

His fader was comen of King Pluto,
And his moder of Queen Juno;
That sum time were as godes yholde,
For auentours that thai dede and tolde.

Reposing, unwarily, at noon, under the shade of an *ymp tree**, Heurodis dreams that she is accosted by the King of Fairies,

* *Ymp tree.* According to the general acceptation, this only signifies a grafted tree; whether it should be here understood to mean a tree consecrated to the imps, or fairies, is left with the reader.

With an hundred kniztes and mo,
And damsels an hundred also;
Al on snowe white stedes,
As white as milke were her wedes;
Y no seize neuer zete bifore,
So fair creatours ycore;
The kinge hadde a crown on hed,
It was of sileur, no of golde red,
Ac it was of a precious ston:
As brizt as the sonne it schon.

The king of fairies, who had obtained a power over the queen, perhaps from her sleeping at noon in his domain, orders her, under the penalty of being torn to pieces, to await him to-morrow under the ymp tree, and accompany him to Fairy Land. She relates her dream to her husband, who resolves to accompany her, and attempt her rescue. Accordingly, on the ensuing morn they repair to the place appointed, with a guard of *ten hundred kniztes ich yarmed stout and grim*, but the unfortunate lady, notwithstanding the formidable appearance of her caviliers, was suddenly *oway y twizt*, and no *men wizt neuer wher sche was become.*

After this fatal catastrophe, Orfeo, distracted for the loss of his queen, abandons his throne, and, with his harp, retires into a wilderness, where he subjects himself to every kind of austerity, and attracts the wild beasts by the pathetic melody of his harp. His state of desolation is poetically described.

" He that weed the fowe and griis,
And on the bed the purpur biis,
Now on hard hethe he lith
With leves and gresse he him writh:
He that had castells and tours,
Rivers, forests, frith with flowrs,
Now, thei it commence to snewe and freze,
This king mot make his bed in mese:
He that had y had kniztes of priis,
Bifor him kneland and leuediis,
Now seth he no thing that him liketh,
Bot wild wormes bi him striketh:
He that had y had plente,
Of mete and drinke, of ich deynte,
Now may he al daye digge and wrok,
Er he finde his fille of rote:
In somer he liveth bi wild fruit,
And verien bot gote lite.
In winter may he no thing find,
Bot rotes, grases, and the rinde.

* * * *

His here of berd blac and rowe,
To his girded stede was growe;
His harp, whereon was all his gle,
He hidde in ane holwe tre;
And, when the weder was clere and brizt,
He toke his harp to him wel rizt,
And harped at his owen will
Into all the wode the soun gan shill,
That al the wilde bestes, that ther be,
For joie abouten him thai leth;
And al the foules that ther were,
Come and sete on ich a brere,
To here his harping a fine,
So miche melody was therein."

At last he discovers that he is not the sole inhabitant of this desart; for in hot undertides he oft saw the king of fairies come to hunt him al about. The various gambols of the king and his *rabble rout* are then curiously described. At one time he encounters a numerous party of knights and ladies, among whom he recognizes his queen, but she is hurried off by the ladies in whose custody she is, before he can address her.

" Parfay," quoth he, " tide what betide
Whider so this leuedis ride,
The selve way I chill streche
Of liif, no dethe, me no reche."

In consequence, therefore, of this discovery, *Orfeo* pursues the hawking damsels, among whom he has descried his lost queen. They enter a rock, the king continues the pursuit, and arrives at Fairy Land, of which the following very poetical description is given:

In at a roche the leuedis rideth,
And he after and nouzt abideth;
When he was in the roche ygo,
Wele thre mile other mo,
He cum into a fair cuntray
As brizt so onne somers day
Smothe and plain, and al grene,
Hill no dale was none ysene,
Amiddle the lond a castel he seize,
Riche and reale and wonder neize;
Al the utmast wal,
Was cler and schine of cristal;

An hundred tours there were about,
Degise lich and bataild stout;
The butrass come out of the diche,
Of rede gold yarched riche;
The bousour was anowed al,
Of iche maner deuers animal;
Within ther wer wide wones
Al of precious stones,
The werss piler onto biholde,
Was al of burnist gold;
Al that lond was euer lizt,
For when it schuld be therk and nizt,
The riche stonnes lizt gonne
Brizt as doth at none the sonne:
No man may tel, no thenke in thouzt,
The riche werk that that was rouzt.
* * * *
Then he gan biholde about al,
And seize ful liggeand with in the wal,
Of folk that were thider y brouzt,
And thouzt dede and nare nouzt;
Sum stode with auten hade;
And sum nóne armes nade:
And sum thurch the bodi hadde wounde;
And sum lay wode ybounde;
And sum armed on hors sete;
And sum astrangled as thai ete;
And sum war in water adreynt;
And sum with fire al for schreynt;
Wives there lay on childe bedde;
Sum dedde and sum awedde;
And wonder Sele ther lay besides,
Rizt as thai slepe her undertides;
Eche was thus in this warld ynome,
With fairi thider ycome*.
Ther he seize his owhen wiif,
Dame Heurodis his liif liif
Slepe under an ympe tree;
Bi her clothes he knew that it was she.

ORFEO AND HEURODIS, MS.

Orfeo immediately repairs to the fairy king, whom, as a minstrel, he so charms with the music of his harp, that the enraptured monarch promises to grant him whatever he should ask. He demands his wife: and, returning safely with her to Winchester, resumes his authority; a catastrophe less pathetic indeed, but more pleasing than that of the classical story. The circumstances mentioned in this romantic legend correspond very exactly with popular tradition. Almost all the writers on DEMONOLOGY mention, as a received opinion, that the power of the demons is most predominant at noon and midnight. The entrance to the Land of Fairy is placed in the wilderness; a circumstance which coincides with a passage in LINDSAY's *Complaint of the Papingo.*

Bot sen my spreit mon from my bodye go,
I recommend it to the queen of Fary,
Eternally into her court to tarry
In wilderness amang the holtis hair.

LINDSAY's *Works*, 1592, p. 222.

Chaucer also agrees in this particular with our romancer.

In his sadel he clombe anon,
And priked over stile and ston
An elfe quene for to espie;
Til he so long had riden and gone
That he fond, in a privie wone,
The countree of Fairee,

Wherein he soughte north and south,
And often spired with his mouth,
In many a forest wilde;
For in that countree was ther non,
That to him dorst ride or gone,
Neither wif ne childe.

Rime of Sir Thopas.

Baltimore. I. E. H.

* It was perhaps from such a description that ARIOSTO adopted his idea of the LUNAR PARADISE, containing every thing that on earth was stolen or lost.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF ABOLISHING THE SLAVE TRADE TO THE WEST INDIAN COLONIES.

THE probable fate of the negro race in the American colonies, is an interesting subject at all times, in a merely speculative view. It comprehends various questions of high importance in the philosophy of man; it touches on the destinies of a large portion of the species, on the event to be expected from the grandest and most cruel experiment that ever was tried upon human nature; the sudden and violent transportation of immense multitudes of savages to distant regions

and new climates, and their forcible and instantaneous exposure to a state of comparative civilization. The fate of a large empire, with all its wealth and power, depends on this experiment. The colonial establishments of Europe in the new world, form a mass of dominion scarcely inferior in magnitude to the proudest dynasties of ancient or modern times; and though their ruin would not necessarily involve that of the mother countries, it would completely subvert all the established relations between the different members of the European commonwealth, besides absolutely diminishing their prosperity.

What form will the colonial society assume during the continuance of the slave trade? In all human probability, one of two events will speedily happen; either the fate of St. Domingo will suddenly become the fate of all the negro settlements, or the West Indian system will remain a little longer on its present footing. The impending blow may possibly be warded off for a season: negroes will continue to be driven, tortured, and wasted, in proportion as new recruits can always be obtained from Africa. A scanty portion of the dregs of Europe will still reside in the islands, and compose the whole of that colonial body on whom the preservation of the system depends. Each attempt of the enemy in St. Domingo, or each effort of the slaves themselves to imitate the example of that settlement, will shake to its base the whole western wing of the European community, till, in the course of a few years, the frail tenure will give way, on which are held those fine possessions; and all the monuments of Europe, in the insular part of the new world, will vanish before the tempest which a short-sighted and wicked policy has for ages been raising.

With emancipated Africans there can be no faith, no treaties, no fixed connexions of neutrality, not even the honourable and settled relations of modern warfare. The suppression of such a monster in policy is a duty incumbent on every civilized state connected with the West Indian system. The efforts of France and Spain may possibly be successful in St. Domingo, but what will be the effects of a contrary event on the colonies that remain tranquil? The negroes in St. Domingo are already acquiring something like a navy; they have proposed to Great Britain conditions of alliance, which no civilized government can listen to. These two facts speak loudly of the dangers necessarily inherent in such a neighbourhood. What has England to expect? or what can she do to brighten her prospects? Till the slave trade is at once boldly and totally abolished (for in the present circumstances delay is not prudence; it is rashness, in fact, though it may result, like many other kinds of temerity, from real cowardice); till the root of all the evil is hardily struck at, and the main, universal cause of all danger destroyed, an hour's quiet cannot be expected in the slave colonies, nor any sensible alleviation of the manifold evils which crowd the picture of West Indian society. Whether all the mischiefs of negro liberty come at once, or only undermine the system gradually, and then cover it with ruin in the end, the alternative is almost equal. The abolition of the slave trade alone can rectify those abuses, and counteract those frightful dangers. But what are the steps by which the abolition is likely to lead to so desirable a consequence?

Every one is aware of the dangers of the slave trade in its natural effects upon the *security* of the West Indian establishments. Nothing can tend more obviously to prevent proprietors from residing on their plantations, than the constant, and, at present, just fear of insurrection. When a native of Europe is about to leave a home, in which the value of perfect security is only overlooked because it knows no interruption, he is forced to reflect on the blessings he has hitherto en-

joyed, and to consider that they are not the gift of every government. In his choice of a new place of residence, the change of climate enters perhaps far less into his comparative views, than the change from a state of safety and protection to one of perpetual alarm; of real dangers, which no length of time can disarm of their terrors; and sufferings, which no seasoning can palliate. Even in the regular communities of the old world, the difference of the rights enjoyed under various governments, has no small influence on emigrants in fixing on new abodes. And what are all the fears of banishment to Siberia, or of French conscription, compared with the risks to which every white inhabitant of Jamaica is exposed, so long as Dessalines is emperor of Hayti, and has a troop of allies in the slaves of every British plantation? In proportion as the number and attachment of those allies is diminished; that is, in proportion as the British plantations are peopled by home-bred negroes, whom their masters are forced to treat well by the impossibility of filling their places; the danger of the planter is diminished, and the just obstacles to choosing the colonies for a place of residence is removed.

The tendency of men is always to follow their stock. When it is vested in foreign trade, they *may* remain at home; but they generally reside where they see it oftenest. When vested in the carrying trade, it generally draws them to one of the spots between which it circulates. When vested in foreign agriculture, it seldom fails to draw them after it. In these employments, no doubt, impolitic restrictions may prevent the capitalist from following his stock; climate is seldom any obstacle: the general tendency is strong, and as soon as artificial impediments are removed, this tendency is manifest. And this would cause the great colonial proprietors to reside on their plantations, were not two principal causes now to prevent them; the dangerous nature of their colonial residence, and the superior attractions of European society. The latter is of much less consequence than the former, because it operates chiefly on the more wealthy and less valuable, as well as less numerous class of inhabitants, and because it must daily lessen as the improvement of the colonies advances. We have proofs, in all the accounts of St. Domingo during the last year of its greatness, that the whites were rapidly increasing, in numbers, elegance, and even splendour, merely from the strength of those inducements which connect men with their property; and such inducements operate with accelerated force; for every family that removes to the island, is a new tie to those which remain. Nothing but the dangers of insurrection could permanently counteract this propensity, and the measure which removes or lessens that danger, will remove or lessen the non-residence, hitherto so hurtful, both to the interests of the proprietors themselves, and to the general character of colonial society.

The excellent management of the negroes in colonies where no supply can be procured, and where the great proportion of the whites reside, is sufficient proof of these positions. Various circumstances have placed the settlements of Spain and Portugal nearly in this predicament. Scarcely any of the blacks, in these colonies, are of African birth; the trade being extremely insignificant, and the natural increase of the blacks very rapid. The whites, too, reside upon their properties, and in the large towns scattered over South America, in a proportion elsewhere unknown. The privileges of slaves have gradually been extended, first by custom, and then by law, till the period has actually arrived, when a Spanish or Portuguese slave hardly conceives himself less comfortable, or even less important, than the lower order of free inhabitants. The good treatment of those negroes is partly owing to the residence of their mas-

ters, who are guided by their own eyes and interests, not their overseer's, and in its turn tends to encourage that custom of residing; and to the difficulty of procuring recruits from Africa, the necessity of which is lessened by the consequences of this treatment. The condition of the slaves in those states of North America, where importation has long been discontinued, is another striking proof of the truth of this representation.

That the bad qualities ascribed to the negroes, often with great justice, belong rather to their habits than to their nature, and are derived either from the low state of civilization in which the whole race at present is placed, or from the manifold hardships of their situation in the colonies, is not only consistent with analogy, but is deducible from facts. The travellers who have visited interior Africa, where the influence of the slave-trade is much less felt than on the west coast, assure us, that the natural dispositions of the negro race are mild, gentle, and amiable in a high degree: that, far from wanting ingenuity, they have made no contemptible progress in the arts; and have even united into political societies of great extent and complicated structure, notwithstanding the obstacles arising from their remote situation, and their want of water-carriage: that their disposition to voluntary and continued exertions of body and mind, their capacity of industry, the great promoter of all human improvement, is not inferior to the same principle in other tribes, in similar situations: in fine, that they have the same propensity to improve both their condition, their faculties, and their virtues, conspicuous in the human character over all the rest of the world. Let us compare the general circumstances of any European nation; the character, both for talents and virtues of its inhabitants, at two distant periods. How remarkable is the contrast between them! Little more than a century ago, Russia was covered with hordes of barbarians; cheating, drinking, brutal lust, and ferocious rage, were as well known, and as little blamed, among the nobles of the czar's court, as the more polished and mitigated forms of the same vices are at this day in Petersburgh; literature never appeared among its inhabitants; and you might travel several days journey, without meeting a man, even among the higher classes, qualified for one moment's rational conversation. Though the various circumstances of *external* improvement will not totally conceal, even at this day, and among the first classes, the "*vestigia ruris*," yet no one can deny that the stuff of which Russians are made has been greatly and fundamentally improved; that their capacities and virtues rapidly unfolding, as their habits have been changed, and their communication with the rest of mankind extended. A century ago, it would have been just as miraculous to read a tolerable Russian poem, or find a society of Boyars where a rational person could spend his time with satisfaction, as it would be at this day, to find the same prodigies at Houssa or Tombuctoo: and those who argue about races, and despise the effect of circumstances, would have had the same right to decide upon the fate of all the Russias, from an inspection of the Calmuc skull, as they now have to condemn all Africa to everlasting barbarism, from the craniums, colour, and wool of its inhabitants. If we allow that there will always be a sensible difference between the negro and the European, yet why should we suppose that this disparity will be greater than between the Sclavonian and Gothic nations? No one denies that all the families of mankind are capable of great improvement. And though, after all, some tribes should remain inferior to others, it would be ridiculous on that account to deny the possibility of greatly civilizing even the most untoward tribe, or the importance of the least considerable advances which it may be ca-

pable of making. That the progress of any race of men, or of the whole species, in the various branches of virtue and power, must be infinite, was never maintained by sound reasoners. But that this progress is indefinite; that no limit can be assigned to its extent or acceleration, is beyond all reasonable controversy.

The superiority of a negro in the interior of Africa to one on the Slave Coast is notorious. The enemies of the slave-trade reasonably impute the degeneracy of the maritime tribes to that baneful commerce. Its friends have, on the other hand, deduced from thence an argument against the negro character, which, say they, is not improved by intercourse with civilized nations. But the *fact* is admitted. Mr. Park observed it in the north, and Mr. Barrow in the tribes south of the line, who increase in civilization as you leave the Slave Coast. Compare the accounts given by these travellers, of the skill, the industry, the excellent moral qualities of the Africans in Houssa and Tombuctoo, &c., with the pictures that have been drawn of the same race, living in all the barbarity which the supply of slave ships requires; you will be convinced that the negro is as much improved by a change of circumstances as the white. The state of slavery is in no case favourable to improvement; yet, compare the Creole negro with the imported slave, and you will find that even the most debasing form of servitude, though it necessarily eradicates most of the moral qualities of the African, has not prevented him from profiting intellectually by the intercourse of more civilized men. The war of St. Domingo reads us a memorable lesson; negroes organizing immense armies; laying plans of campaigns and sieges, which, if not scientific, have at least been successful against the finest European troops; arranging forms of government, and even proceeding some length in executing the most difficult of human enterprizes; entering into commercial relations with foreigners, and conceiving the idea of alliances; acquiring something like a maritime force, and, at any rate, navigating vessels in the tropical seas, with as much skill and foresight as that complicated operation requires.

This spectacle ought to teach us the effects of circumstances upon the human faculties, and prescribe bounds to that arrogance, which would confine to one race, the characteristics of the species. We have torn those men from their country, on the vain pretence, that their nature is radically inferior to our own. We have treated them so as to stunt the natural growth of their virtues and their reason. Our efforts have partly succeeded; for the West Indian, like all other slaves, has copied some of the tyrant's vices. But their ingenuity has advanced apace, under all disadvantages; and the negroes are already so much improved, that while we madly continue to despise them, and to justify the crimes which have transplanted them, it has really become doubtful how long they will suffer us to exist in the islands.

We may be told, that brute force and adaptation to the climate, are the only faculties which the negroes of the West Indies possess. But something more than this must concur to form and maintain armies, and to distribute civil powers in a state. And the negroes, who in Africa cannot count ten, and bequeath the same portion of arithmetic to their children, must somewhat improve before they can use the mariner's compass; rig square-sailed vessels; and cultivate whole districts of cotton and coffee for their own profit in the Antilles.

The improvement visible in the negroes brought over to Europe as domestics, and their superiority to their countrymen in Africa or the West Indies, is a new evidence of these truths. There is surely a wider

difference between one of those blacks and a native of the Slave Coast, than between a London chairman and the Irish shepherd who lived a few centuries ago. The fidelity, courage, and other good qualities, remarkable in freed negroes, distinguish them as much from the slaves, of whose cowardice and treachery such pictures have been drawn, as the feats of valour recorded in the annals of the Welsh, place them above those wretched Britons who resisted their invaders only with groans.

There is nothing in the physical or moral constitution of the negro, which renders him an exception to the general character of the species, and prevents him from improving in all estimable qualities, when placed in favourable circumstances. Nay, under all possible disadvantages, we see the progress he is capable of making, whether insulated by the deserts of Africa, or surrounded by the slave factories of Europeans, or groaning under the cruelties of the West India system. This progress will be accelerated in proportion as those impediments are removed; while Africa is civilized by legitimate commerce with the more polished nations of the world, the negroes already in the West Indies will rapidly improve, as soon as the abolition shall begin to ameliorate their treatment.

It will not be long before milder treatment will increase the productive powers of negro labour. The first two or three seasons may possibly be less prosperous, in consequence of the change. Indeed, changes of every kind have a tendency at the beginning to produce disorder in all political systems; for, it is true, though lamentable, that the correction of the greatest evils in society generally increases, for a time, the bad effects of the original error. But the connexion is so constant between freedom and industry, that we may reasonably expect these evils to be of short duration. The history of all Europe demonstrates the effects which the mild treatment of the labouring orders naturally produces on the value of their industry.

The proprietors of Hungary, almost immediately after the reform of Maria Theresa, began to feel the salutary consequences of the limitations of the corvées due from their peasants. When, instead of full power over the whole of the serf's labour, the lord could only take two days in each week, he found those two worth much more than all the seven had been before; though at the same time, he lost the right of retaining the peasant on his ground against his will. If such mitigations are favourable to the master, still more advantageous must they be to the slave. And can any improvement be made in the condition of the lower orders, more effectually, than by augmenting their wealth, and their importance to the upper classes? It is not unlikely that the number of holidays will next be increased, or the hours of work in the day diminished; that the negro will, by degrees, be left more and more to his own care, and will begin to feel himself more dependent on the produce of his industry. The less interference from the laws, the better for the master, and still more for the slave. The mutual interest of the parties will be the best law, and, indeed, the only one capable of being accurately executed. When something like industry has taken root, it may be time to introduce, in the same silent, gradual, and voluntary manner, the grand improvement of task-work. This has already been attempted, with the happiest effects, in several of the colonies; in Brazil; on some parts of the Spanish main; in the Bahamas, and elsewhere. It has been introduced also into Surinam; though, from peculiar circumstances, it has not there produced such salutary changes as in other settlements. Indeed, while the bad effects of the old system flourish in full vigour, preventing the general improvement of the slaves in their habits of voluntary exertion, it is only in certain kinds of work that

tasks can be distributed. The new mode of treatment would render *universal* task-work, not only an easy, but a necessary improvement. And when these changes shall have been effected slowly, and with the consent of all proprietors, not taken by vote, but freely given by each individual; will not the lower orders in the islands be exactly in the state of the *ascripti glebæ*, under the milder feudal governments of the old world? It is but one step to make them *coloni partiarii*, or serf tenants paying a proportion of their crops to the lord. Such they are already in some parts of Spanish and Portuguese America, where the richest ores and pearls are obtained, by means of this very contract between the master and his slave. Nor does it much signify in what form the last change of all shall then be effected by the total emancipation of the negro. He will, by this natural gradation, have become civilized to a certain degree, and fully capable of enjoying the station of a free man, for which all are fitted by nature. In the course of time, we may hope to see the same relaxation of prejudice against him among the whites, which has made the European baron cease to look down upon his serf as an inferior animal. The mixture even of the races, is a thing by no means impossible, and will remove the only pretext that can remain for supposing the West Indian society, as new-modelled by the abolition, to be in the smallest degree different from the society in Europe, after the successors of the Romans ceased to procure slaves in commerce.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MODERN GRISELDA, OR, A LESSON TO WIVES.

(Continued from page 306.)

A FEW days after the reading party, Griselda was invited to spend an evening at Mrs. Granby's.

I shall not go, said she, throwing down the card with an air of disdain.

I shall go, said her husband, calmly.

You will go, my dear! cried she, amazed.

You will go without *me?*

Not without you, if you will be so kind as to go with me, my love, said he.

It is quite out of my power, said she; I am engaged to my friend Mrs. Nettleby.

Very well, my dear, said he; do as you please.

Certainly I shall. And I am surprised, my dear, that you do not go to see Mr. John Nettleby.

I have no desire to see him, my dear. He is, as I have often heard you say, an obstinate fool. He is a man I dislike particularly.

Very possibly, but you ought to go to see him notwithstanding.

Why so, my dear?

Because he is married to a woman I like. If you had any regard for me, your own feelings would have saved you the trouble of asking that question.

But, my dear, should not your regard for me also suggest to you the propriety of keeping up an acquaintance with Mrs. Granby, who is married to a man I like, and who is not herself an obstinate fool?

I shall not enter into any discussion upon the subject, replied our heroine, for this was one of the cases where she made it a rule never to reason. I can only say, that I have my own opinion, and that I beg to be excused from keeping up any acquaintance whatever with Mrs. Granby.

And I beg to be excused from keeping up any acquaintance whatever with Mr. Nettleby, replied her husband.

Good heavens! cried she, raising herself upon the sofa, on which she had been reclining, and fixing her eyes upon her husband, with unfeigned astonishment: I do not know you this morning, my dear

Possibly not, my dear, replied he,

for hitherto you have seen only your lover, now you see your husband.

Never did metamorphosis excite more astonishment. The lady was utterly unconscious that she had had any part in producing it, that she had herself dissolved the spell. She raged, she raved, she reasoned, in vain. Her point she could not compass. Her cruel husband persisted in his determination not to go to see Mr. John Nettleby. Absolutely astounded, she was silent. There was a truce for some hours. She renewed the attack in the evening, and ceased not hostilities for three succeeding days and nights, in reasonable hopes of wearying the enemy, still without success. The morning rose, the great, the important day, which was to decide the fate of the visit. The contending parties met as usual at breakfast; they seemed mutually afraid of each other, and stood at bay. There was a forced calm in the gentleman's demeanour, treacherous smiles played upon the lady's countenance. He seemed cautious to prolong the suspension of hostilities; she fond to anticipate the victory. The name of Mrs. Granby, or of Mr. John Nettleby, was not uttered by either party, nor did either inquire where the other was to spend the evening. At dinner they met again, and preserved, on this delicate subject, a truly diplomatic silence, whilst, on the topics foreign to their thoughts, they talked with admirable fluency: actuated by as sincere desire as ever was felt by negociating politicians, to establish peace on the broadest basis, they were, *with the most perfect consideration*, each other's devoted, and most obedient humble servants. Candour, however, obliges us to confess, that though the deference on the part of the gentleman was the most unqualified and praiseworthy, the lady was superior in her inimitable air of frank cordiality. The *volto sciolto* was in her favour, the *pensieri stretti* in his. Any one but an ambassador would have been deceived by the husband; any one but a woman would have been duped by the wife. So stood affairs, when, after dinner, the high and mighty powers separated. The lady retired to her toilette. The gentleman remained with his bottle. He drank a glass of wine extraordinary. She stayed half an hour more than usual at her mirror. Arrayed for battle, our heroine repaired to the drawing-room, which she expected to find unoccupied: the enemy had taken the field.

Dressed, my dear, said he.

Ready, my love! said she.

Shall I ring the bell for your carriage, my dear? said the husband.

If you please. You go with me, my dear? said the wife.

I do not know where you are going, my love.

To Mrs. Nettleby's, of course, and you?

To Mrs. Granby's.

The lightning flashed from Griselda's eyes, ere he had half pronounced the words. The lightning flashed without effect.

To Mrs. Granby's! cried she, in a thundering tone. To Mrs. Granby's! echoed he: she fell back on the sofa, and a shower of tears ensued. Her husband walked up and down the room, rang again for the carriage, ordered it, in the tone of a master. Then hummed a tune. The fair one sobbed, he continued to sing, but was out in the time. The lady's sobs grew alarming, and threatened hysterics. He threw open the window, and approached the sofa on which she lay. She, half recovering, unclasped one bracelet; in haste to get the other off, he broke it. The footman came in to announce that the carriage was at the door. She relapsed, and seemed in danger of suffocation from her pearl necklace, which she made a faint effort to loosen from her neck.

Send your lady's woman, instantly, cried Griselda's husband to the footman.

Our heroine made another attempt to untie her necklace, and looked up towards her husband with supplicating eyes. His hands trembled, he entangled the strings. It would have been all over with him,

if the maid had not, at this instant, come to his assistance. To her he resigned his perilous post, retreated precipitately, and, before the enemy's forces could rally, gained his carriage, and carried his point.

To Mr. Granby's! cried he, triumphantly. Arrived there, he hurried to Mr. Granby's room.

Another such victory, cried he, throwing himself into an arm-chair, another such victory, and I am undone.

He related all that had just passed between him and his wife.

Another such combat, said his friend, and you are at peace for life.

We must not, from this speech, be induced to consider Mr. Granby as an instigator of quarrels between man and wife; or, according to the plebeian, but expressive apophthegm, one who would come between the bark and the tree. On the contrary, he was most desirous to secure his friend's domestic happiness, and, if possible, to prevent the bad effects which were likely to ensue from excessive indulgence, and inordinate love of dominion. He had a high respect for our heroine's powers, and thought they wanted only to be well managed. The same force which, ill-directed, bursts the engine, and scatters destruction, obedient to the master-hand, answers a thousand useful purposes, and works with easy, smooth, and graceful regularity. Griselda's husband, or, as he now deserves to have his name mentioned, Mr. Bolingbroke, roused by his friend's representations, and perhaps by a sense of approaching danger, resolved to assume the guidance of his wife, or, at least, of himself. In opposition to his sovereign lady's will, he actually spent this evening as he pleased.

You are a great deal more courageous than I am, my dear, said Emma to her husband, after Mr. Bolingbroke had left them. I should be very much afraid of interfering between your friend and his wife.

What is friendship, said Mr. Granby, if it will run no risks? I must run the hazard of being called a mischief-maker.

That is not the danger of which I was thinking, said Emma; though I confess that I should be weak enough to fear that a little: but what I meant to express was an apprehension of our doing harm, where we most wish to do good.

Do you, my dear Emma, think Griselda incorrigible?

No, indeed, cried Emma, with anxious emphasis, far from it: but, without thinking a person incorrigible, may we not dislike the idea of inflicting correction? I should be very sorry to be the means of giving Griselda any pain; she was my friend when we were children; I have a real regard for her, and if she does not now seem disposed to love me, that must be my fault, not hers: or if it is not my fault, call it my misfortune. At all events, I have no right to force myself upon her acquaintance. She prefers Mrs. Nettleby; I have not the false humility to say, that I think Mrs. Nettleby will prove as safe or as good a friend as I hope I should be. But of this Mrs. Bolingbroke has a right to judge. And I am sure, far from resenting her resolution to avoid my acquaintance, my only feeling about it, at this instant, is, the dread that it should continue to be a matter of dispute between her and her husband.

If Mr. Bolingbroke insisted, or if I advised him to insist upon his wife's coming here, when she does not like it, said Mr. Granby, I should act absurdly, and he would act unjustly; but all that he requires is equality of rights, and the liberty of going where *he* pleases. She refuses to come to see you; he refuses to go to see Mr. John Nettleby. Which has the best of the battle?

Emma thought it would be best if there were no battle, and observed, that refusals and reprisals would only irritate the parties, whose interest and happiness it was to be pacified, and to agree. She said, that if Mr. Bolingbroke, instead of opposing his will to that of his wife, which

in fact was only conquering force by force, would speak reasonably to her, probably she might be induced to yield, or to command her temper. Mrs. Granby suggested, that a compromise, founded on an offer of mutual sacrifice, and mutual compliance, might be obtained. That Mr. Bolingbroke might promise to give up some of his time to the man he disliked, upon condition that Griselda should submit to the society of a woman to whom she had an aversion.

If she consented to this, said Emma, I would do my best to make her like me; or, at least, to make her time pass agreeably at our house: her liking me is a matter of no manner of consequence.

Emma was capable of putting herself entirely out of the question, when the interest of others was at stake; her whole desire was to conciliate; and all her thoughts were intent upon making her friends happy. She seemed to live in them more than in herself, and from sympathy arose the greatest pleasure and pain of her existence. Her sympathy was not of that useless kind, which is called forth only by the elegant fictitious sorrows of a heroine of romance; her's was ready for all the occasions of real life; nor was it to be easily checked by the imperfections of those to whom she could be of service. At this moment, when she perceived that her husband was disgusted by Griselda's caprice, she said all she could think of in her favour: she recollected every anecdote of Griselda's childhood, which showed an amiable disposition; and argued, that it was not probable her temper should have entirely changed in a few years. Emma's quick-sighted good-nature could discern the least portion of merit, where others could find only faults; as certain experienced eyes can discover grains of gold in the sands, which the ignorant have searched, and abandoned as useless. In consequence of Emma's advice, for who would reject good advice, offered with so much gentleness, Mr. Granby wrote a note to Mr. Bolingbroke, to recommend the compromise which she had suggested. Upon his return home, Mr. Bolingbroke was informed that his lady had gone to bed much indisposed; he spent a restless night, notwithstanding all his newly acquired magnanimity. He was much relieved in the morning by his friend's note, and blessed Emma for proposing the compromise.

Mr. Bolingbroke waited with impatience for Griselda's appearance the next morning, but he waited in vain: the lady breakfasted in her own apartment, and for two hours afterwards remained in close consultation with Mrs. Nettleby, whom she had summoned the preceding night by the following note.

"I have been prevented from spending this evening with you, my dearest Mrs. Nettleby, by the strangest conduct imaginable: I am sure you will not believe it when I tell it to you. Come to me, I conjure you, as early to-morrow as you possibly can, that I may explain to you all that has past, and consult as to the future. My dearest friend, I never was so much in want of an adviser. Ever yours,

GRISELDA."

At this consultation, Mrs. Nettleby expressed the utmost astonishment at Mr. Bolingbroke's strange conduct, and assured Griselda, that, if she did not exert herself, all was lost, and she must give up the hopes of ever having her own way again as long as she lived.

My dear, said she, I have had some experience in these things; a wife must be either a tyrant or a slave: make your choice; now is your time.

But I never knew him say or do any thing unkind before, said Griselda.

Then the first offence should be properly resented. If he finds you forgiving, he will become encroaching; 'tis the nature of man, depend upon it.

He always yielded to me till now, said Griselda; but even when I was

ready to go into fits, he left me; and what could I do then?

You astonish me beyond expression! You who have every advantage! youth, wit, accomplishments, beauty! My dear, if you cannot keep a husband's heart, who can ever hope to succeed?

Oh! as to his heart, I have no doubts of his heart, to do him justice, said Griselda; I know he loves me, passionately loves me.

And yet you cannot manage him! And you expect me to pity you! Bless me, if I had half your advantages, what I would make of them! But if you like to be a tame wife, my dear, if you are resolved upon it, tell me so at once, and I will hold my tongue.

I do not know well what I am resolved upon, said Griselda, leaning her head in a melancholy posture upon her hand; I am vexed, out of spirits, and out of sorts.

Out of sorts! I am not surprised at that: but out of spirits! My dear creature, you who have every thing to put you in spirits. I am never so much *myself* as when I have a quarrel to fight out.

I cannot say that is the case with me, unless where I am sure of the victory.

And it is your own fault, if you are not always sure of it.

I thought so till last night; but, I assure you, last night he showed such a spirit!

Break that spirit, my dear, break it, or else it will break your heart.

The alternative is terrible, said Griselda, and more probable, perhaps, than you could imagine, or I either, till now: for, would you believe it, I never loved him in my life half so well as I did last night in the midst of my anger, and when he was doing every thing to provoke me.

Very natural, my dear; because you saw him behave with spirit, and you love spirit; so does every woman, so does every body: show him that you have spirit too, and he will be as angry as you were, and love you as well, in the midst of his anger, whilst you are doing every thing to provoke him.

Griselda appeared determined to take this good advice one moment, and the next hesitated.

But my dear Mrs. Nettleby, did you always find this succeed yourself?

Yes, always.

This lady had the reputation, indeed, of having broken the heart of her first husband; how she would manage her second, was yet to be seen, as her honey-moon was but just over. The pure love of mischief was not her only motive in the advice which she gave to our heroine; she had, like most people, mixed motives for her conduct. She disliked Mr. Bolingbroke, because he disliked her; yet she wished that an acquaintance should be kept up between him and her husband, because Mr. Bolingbroke was a man of fortune and fashion.

Griselda promised that she would behave with that proper spirit, which was to make her at once amiable and victorious, and the friends parted.

Left to her own good genius, Griselda reflected that novelty has the most powerful effect upon the heart of man. In all the variations of her humour, her husband had never yet seen her in the sullen mood; and in this, she now sat prepared to receive him. He came with an earnest desire to speak to her in the kindest and most reasonable manner. He began by saying, how much it had cost him to give her one moment's uneasiness; his voice, his look, were those of truth and love.

Unmoved, Griselda, without raising her leaden eyes, answered in a cold voice,

I am very sorry that you should have felt *any* concern upon my account.

Any! my love, you do not know how *much* I have felt this night.

She looked upon him with civil disbelief; and replied, "that she was sure she ought to be much obliged to him."

This frigid politeness repressed

his affection: he was silent for some moments.

My dear Griselda, said he, this is not the way in which we should live together; we who have every thing that can make us contented; do not let us throw away our happiness for trifles not worth thinking of.

If we are not happy, it is not my fault, said Griselda.

We will not enquire whose fault it is, my dear, let the blame rest upon me; let the past be forgotten; let us look towards the future. In future, let us avoid childish altercations, and live like reasonable creatures. I have the highest opinion of your sex in general, and of you in particular: I wish to live with my wife as my equal, my friend: I do not desire that my will should govern; where our inclinations differ, let reason decide between us; or where it is a matter not worth reasoning about, let us alternately yield to one another. He paused.

I do not desire or expect that you should ever henceforward yield to my wishes, either in trifles or in matters of consequence, replied Griselda, with provoking meekness; you have taught me my duty: the duty of a wife is to submit; and submit I hope I shall in future, without reply or reasoning, to your sovereign will and pleasure.

Nay, my dear, said he, do not treat me as a brutal tyrant, when I wish to do every thing in my power to make you happy. Use your own excellent understanding, and I shall always, I hope, be inclined to yield to your reasons.

I shall never trouble you with my reasons; I shall never use my own understanding in the least: I know that men cannot bear understanding in women; I shall always, as it is my duty, submit to your better judgment.

But my love, I do not require duty from you; this sort of blind submission would be mortifying, instead of gratifying to me from a wife.

I do not know what a wife can do to satisfy a husband, if submitting in every thing be not sufficient.

I say it would be too much for me, my dearest love!

I can do nothing but submit, repeated the perverse Griselda, with a most provoking, immoveable aspect of humility.

Why *will* you not understand me, my dear? cried her husband.

It is not my fault if I cannot understand you, my dear; I do not pretend to have your understanding, said the fair politician, affecting weakness to gain her point; like those artful candidates for papal dominion, who used to affect decrepitude and imbecility, till they secured at once absolute power and infallibility.

I know my abilities are quite inferior to yours, my dear, said Griselda, but I thought it was sufficient for a woman to know how to obey: I can do no more.

Fretted beyond his patience, her husband walked up and down the room greatly agitated, whilst she sat content and secure in tranquil obstinacy.

You are enough to provoke the patience of Job, my dear, cried her husband; you'll break my heart.

I am sorry for it, my dear; but if you will only tell me what I can do more to please you, I will do it.

Then, my love, cried he, taking hold of her white hand, which hung in a lifeless attitude over the arm of the couch, be happy, I conjure you! all I ask of you, is, to be happy.

That is out of my power, said she, mildly, suffering her husband to keep her hand, as if it was an act of duty to submit to his caresses. He resigned her hand; her countenance never varied; if she had been slave to the most despotic sultan of the east, she could not have shown more heartless submission, than she displayed to this most indulgent European "husband lover."

Unable to command his temper, or to conceal how much he was hurt, he rose and said,

I will leave you for the present,

my dear; some time when you are better disposed to converse with me, I will return.

Whenever you please sir; all times are alike to me: whenever you are at leisure, I can have no choice.

Some hours afterwards, hoping to find his sultana in a better humour, Mr. Bolingbroke returned; but no sooner did he approach the sofa on which she was still seated, than she again seemed to turn into stone, like the princess Rhezzia in the Persian Tales; who was blooming and charming, except when her husband entered the room. The unfortunate princess Rhezzia loved her husband tenderly, but was doomed to this fate by a vile enchanter. If she was more to be pitied for being subject to involuntary metamorphosis, our heroine is surely more to be admired, for the constancy with which she endured a self-inflicted penance; a penance calculated to render her odious in the eyes of a husband by whom she was passionately beloved.

My dear, said this most patient of men, I am sorry to renew any ideas that will be disagreeable to you; I will mention the subject but once more, and then let it be forgotten for ever. Our foolish dispute about Mr. Nettleby. Let us compromise the matter. I will bear Mr. John Nettleby for your sake, if you will bear Mrs. Granby for mine. I will go to see Mr. Nettleby to-morrow, if you will come the day afterwards with me to Mr. Granby's. Where husband and wife do not agree in their wishes, it is reasonable that each should yield a little of their will to the other. I hope this compromise will satisfy you, my dear.

It does not become a wife to enter into any compromise with her husband; she has nothing to do but to obey, as soon as he signifies his pleasure. I shall go to Mr. Granby's on Tuesday, as you command.

Command! my love.

As you——whatever you please to call it.

But are you satisfied with this arrangement, my dear?

It is of no manner of consequence whether I am or not.

To me, you know, it is of the greatest: you must be sensible, that my sincere wish is to make you happy: I give you some proof of it by consenting to keep up an acquaintance with a man whose company I dislike.

I am much obliged to you, my dear, but as to your going to see Mr. John Nettleby, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me; I only just mentioned it, as a thing of course; I beg you will not do it on my account: I hope you will do whatever you think best, and what pleases yourself, upon this and every other occasion. I shall never more presume to offer my advice.

Nothing more could be obtained from the submissive wife; she went to Mr. Granby's; she was all duty, for she knew the show of it was the most provoking thing upon earth to a husband, at least to such a husband as hers. She therefore persisted in this line of conduct, till she made her victim at last exclaim,

"I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die.
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why."

His fair one was much flattered by this confession; she triumphed in having excited "this contrariety of feelings;" nor did she foresee the possibility of her husband's recollecting that stanza which the schoolboy, more philosophical than the poet, applies to his tyrant.

Whilst our heroine was thus acting to perfection the part of a dutiful wife, Mrs. Nettleby was seconding her to the best of her abilities, and announcing her amongst all their acquaintance, in the interesting character of "a woman that is very much to be pitied."

"Poor Mrs. Bolingbroke! Don't you think, ma'am, she is very much changed since her marriage? Quite fallen away! And all her fine spirits, what are become of them? It really grieves my heart to see her. O, she is a very unhappy woman; really to be pitied, if you knew but all."

Then a significant nod, or a melancholy mysterious look, set the imagination of the company at work; or if this did not succeed, a whisper in plain terms, pronounced Mr. Bolingbroke "a sad sort of husband, a very odd tempered man, and, in short, a terrible tyrant; though nobody would guess it, who only saw him in company; but men are such deceivers!"

Mr. Bolingbroke soon found that all his wishes were thwarted, and all his hopes of happiness crossed, by the straws which this evil minded dame contrived to throw in his way. Her influence over his wife he saw increased every hour: though they visited each other every day, these ladies could never meet without having some important secrets to impart, and conjurations were to be performed in private, at which a husband could not be permitted to assist. Then notes without number were to pass continually, and these were to be thrown hastily into the fire, at the approach of the enemy. Mr. Bolingbroke determined to break this league, which seemed to be more a league of hatred than of amity. The London winter was now over, and, taking advantage of the continuance of his wife's perverse fit of duty and unqualified submission, he one day requested her to accompany him into the country, to spend a few weeks with his friend Mr. Granby, at his charming place in Devonshire. The part of a wife was to obey, and Griselda was bound to support her character. She resolved, however, to make her obedience cost her lord as dear as possible, and she promised herself that this party of pleasure should become a party of pain. She and her lord were to travel in the same carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Granby. Griselda had only time, before she set off, to write a hasty billet to Mrs. Nettleby, to inform her of these intentions, and to bid her adieu, till better times. Mrs. Nettleby sincerely regretted this interruption of their hourly correspondence; for she was deprived, not only of the pleasure of hearing, but of making matrimonial complaints. She had now been married two months, and her fool began to grow restive; no animal on earth is more restive than a fool: but confident that Mrs. Nettleby will hold the bridle with a strong hand, we leave her to pull against his hard mouth.

We pass over the infinite variety of petty torments, which Griselda contrived to inflict upon her fellow-travellers, during her journey down to Devonshire. Inns, food, beds, carriage, horses, baggage, roads, prospect, hill, dale, sun, wind, dust, rain, earth, air, fire, and water, all afforded her matter of complaint. It was astonishing that Emma met with none of these inconveniences; but as fast as they were discovered, she amused herself in trying to obviate them.

Lord Kaimes has observed, that a power to recal at will pleasing objects, would be a more valuable gift to any mortal than ever was bestowed in a fairy tale. With this power Emma was endowed, in the highest perfection; and as fast as Griselda recollected some evil that had happened, or was likely to happen, Emma raised the opposite idea of some good, past, present, or future; so that it was scarcely possible even for the spirit of contradiction personified, to resist the magic of her good-humour. No sooner did she arrive at her own house, than she contrived a variety of ways of showing attention and kindness to her guest; and when all this was received with sullen indifference, or merely as tributes due to superiority, Emma was not discouraged in her benevolence, but, instead of being offended, seemed to pity her friend

for "having had her temper so unhappily spoiled."

"Griselda is so handsome," said Mrs. Granby one day, in her defence, "she has such talents, she has been so much admired, worshipped, and indulged, that it would be wonderful if she were not a little spoiled. I dare say, that, if I had been in her place, my brain would never have stood the intoxication. Who can measure their strength or their weakness, till they are tried? Another thing should be considered; Griselda excites envy, and though she may not have more faults than her neighbours, they are more noticed, because they are in the full light of prosperity. What a number of motes swarm in a single ray of light, coming through the shutter of a darkened room! There are not more motes in that spot than in any other part of the room, but the sunbeams show them more distinctly. The dust that lives in snug obscurity should consider this, and have mercy upon its fellow dust."

In Emma's kindness there was none of the parade of goodness; she seemed to follow her natural disposition, and, as Griselda once said of her, to be good, because she could not help it. She required neither praise nor thanks for any thing that she did; and, provided her friends were happy, she was satisfied, without ever wishing to be admired as the cause of that happiness. Her powers of pleasing were chiefly remarkable for lasting longer than others, and the secret of their permanence was not easily guessed, because it was so simple. It depended merely on the equability of her humour. It is said, that there is nothing marvellous in the colours of those Egyptian monuments which have been the admiration of ages; the secret of their duration is supposed to depend simply on the fineness of the climate and invariability of the temperature. But

> "Griselda will admit no wandering muse."

Mrs. Bolingbroke was, by this time, tired of continuing in one mood, even though it was the sullen, and her genius was cramped by the constraint of affected submission. She recovered her charming spirits soon after she came into the country, and, for a short time, no mortal mixture of earth's mould could be more agreeable. She called forth every charm; she was all gaiety, wit, and smiles; she poured light and life upon conversation.

As the marquis de Chastellux said of some fascinating fair one, "She had no expression without grace, and no grace without expression." It was delightful to our heroine to hear it said,

"How charming Mrs. Bolingbroke can be when she pleases! when she wishes to captivate, how irresistible! Who can equal Mrs. Bolingbroke, when she is in one of her *good days?*"

The triumph of eclipsing Mrs. Granby would have been delightful, but that Emma seemed to feel no mortification from being thrown into the shade; she seemed to enjoy her friend's success so sincerely, that it was impossible to consider her as a rival. She had so carefully avoided noticing any little disagreement or coolness between Mr. and Mrs. Bolingbroke, that it might have been doubted whether she attended to their mutual conduct; but the obvious delight she took in seeing them again on good terms with each other, proved that she was not deficient in penetration. She appeared to see only what others desired that she should see, upon these delicate occasions, where voluntary blindness is not artifice, but prudence. Mr. Bolingbroke was now enchanted with Griselda, and ready to exclaim every instant, "Be ever thus!"

Her husband thought he had found a mine of happiness; he began to breathe, and to bless his kind stars. He had indeed lighted unexpectedly upon a rich vein, but it was soon exhausted, and all his further progress was impeded, by certain vapours, dangerous to approach. Fatal sweets! which lure the ignorant to destruction, but from which the

more experienced fly with precipitation. Our heroine was now fully prepared to kill her husband with kindness; she was afraid, if he rode, that his horse would throw him; if he walked, that he would tire himself; if he sat still, that he must want exercise; if he went out, that he would catch cold; if he stayed at home, that he was kept a prisoner; if he did not eat, that he was sick; if he did eat, that he would be sick; &c., &c., &c., &c. There was no end to these fond fears; he felt that there was something ridiculous in submitting to them; and yet to resist in the least, was deemed the height of unkindness and ingratitude. One night she fell into a fit of melancholy, upon his laughing at her fears, that he should kill himself, by standing for an instant at an open window, on a fine night, to look at a beautiful rising moon. When he endeavoured to recover her from her melancholy, it was suddenly converted into anger, and, after tears, came a storm of reproaches. Her husband, in consideration of the kindness of her original intention, passed over her anger, and even, for some days, refrained from objecting to any regimen she prescribed for his health and happiness. But his forbearance failed him at length, and he presumed to eat some salad, which his wife "knew would disagree with him." She was provoked afterwards, because she could not make him allow that it had made him ill. She termed this extreme obstinacy; he pleaded that it was simple truth. Truth, upon some occasions, is the most offensive thing that can be spoken; the lady was enraged, and, after saying every thing provoking, that matrimonial spleen could suggest, when he in his turn grew warm, she cooled, and said, "You must be sensible, my dear, that all I say and do arises from affection."

O, my love, said he, recovering his good-humour, this never-failing opiate soothes my vanity, and lulls my anger; then you may govern me as you please. Torment me to death; I cannot oppose you.

I suppose, said she, you think me like the vampire-bat, who fans her victim to sleep with her wings whilst she sucks his life-blood.

Yes, exactly, said he, smiling; thank you for the apt allusion.

Very apt, indeed, said she, and a thick gloom overspread her countenance. She persisted in taking his assent in sober earnest. "Yes," said she, "I find you think all my kindness is treacherous. I will show you no more, and then you cannot accuse me of treachery."

It was in vain that he protested he had been only in jest; she was convinced that he was in earnest; she was suddenly afflicted with an absolute incapacity of distinguishing jest from earnest. She recurred to the idea of the vampire-bat, whenever it was convenient to her to suppose that her husband thought strange things of her, which never entered his brain. This bat proved to him a bird of ill omen, which preceded a train of misfortunes, that no mortal foresight could reach, and no human prudence avert. His goddess was not to be appeased by any propitiatory or expiatory sacrifice.

Finding it impossible to regain his fair one's favour, Mr. Bolingbroke absented himself from her presence. He amused himself for some days with his friend Mr. Granby, in attending to a plantation, which he was laying out in his grounds. Griselda was vexed to perceive that her husband could find any amusement independent of her; and she never failed, upon his return, to mark her displeasure.

One morning the gentlemen had been so much occupied with their plantation, that they did not attend the breakfast-table precisely in due time; the contrast in the looks of the two ladies, when their husbands entered the room, was striking. Griselda was provoked with Mrs. Granby for being so good-humoured.

Lord bless me! Mrs. Granby, how you spoil these men, cried she.

All the time the gentlemen were at breakfast, Mrs. Bolingbroke played with her tea-spoon, and did not

deign to utter a syllable: Emma, on the contrary, inquired how their plantation was going on, and interested herself in the most unaffected and agreeable manner, in the object upon which their minds happened to be intent. No one more than Emma had the habit of interesting herself in all the daily occupations and little objects of her friends. These minute attentions frequently recurring, tend materially to increase affection, and secure domestic happiness. By such slender, and scarcely perceptible fibres, is society *felted* together.

When the gentlemen left the breakfast-table, and returned to their business, Griselda, who was, as our readers may have observed, one of the fashionable lollers by profession, established herself upon a couch, and began an attack upon Emma, for spoiling her husband in such a sad manner. Emma defended herself in a playful way, by answering that she could not venture to give unnecessary pain, because she was not so sure as some of her friends might be, of their power of giving pleasure. Mrs. Bolingbroke proceeded to descant upon the difference between friendship and love: with some vanity, and some malice, she touched upon the difference between the *sorts of sentiments*, which different women excited. Passion, she argued, could be kept alive, only by a certain happy mixture of caprice and grace, coldness and ill-humour. She confessed, that for her part, she never could be content with the friendship of a husband. Emma, without claiming or disclaiming her pretensions to love, quoted the saying of a French gentleman:

"L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes*."

Griselda had no apprehension that love could ever fly from her, and she declared she could not endure him without his wings.

* Friendship is Love deprived of his wings.

Our heroine did not imagine, that any of the little vexations, which she habitually inflicted upon her husband, could really diminish his regard. She never had calculated the prodigious effects which can be produced by petty causes constantly acting. Indeed this is a consideration, to which the pride or short-sightedness of human nature is not prone.

Who, in contemplating one of Raphael's finest pictures, fresh from the master's hand, ever bestowed a thought upon the wretched little worm, which works its destruction? Who that beholds the gilded vessel, gliding in gallant trim; "youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm;" ever at that instant thought of——barnacles? The imagination is disgusted by the anti-climax, and of all species of the bathos, the sinking from visionary happiness to sober reality, is that from which human nature is most averse. The wings of the imagination, accustomed to ascend, resist the downward flight.

Confident of her charms, heedless of danger, habituated to think her empire absolute and eternal, our heroine to amuse herself, and to display her power to Emma, persisted in her practice of tormenting. The ingenuity with which she varied her tortures, was certainly admirable. After exhausting old ones, she invented new; and when the new lost their efficacy, she recurred to the old. She had often observed, that the blunt method of contradicting, which some bosom friends practise in conversation, is of sovereign power to provoke; and this consequently, though unpolite, she disdained not to imitate. It had the greater effect, as it was in diametrical opposition to the style of Mrs. Granby's conversation; who, in discussions with her husband, or her intimate friends, was peculiarly and habitually attentive to politeness. She gave her opinions always freely, but with constant deference or charity for the sentiments of her friends. Arguments, as she managed them, never degenerated into disputes;

and the true end of conversation, that of giving and receiving pleasure, was never sacrificed to the vanity of saying good things, or to the pride of victory.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

ENGLISH SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

AT a general half-yearly meeting of the society for the support and encouragement of Sunday schools in England and Wales, the committee reported, that since the last general meeting, in October, 1804, they had added fifty-one schools, with the addition of more than 6000 scholars, to the statement then delivered; and that from the commencement of this institution, in 1785, the society had afforded aid, either in books or money, to 2380 schools, containing 213,011 scholars, for whose use they had distributed 200,974 spelling-books, 46,465 testaments, and 6985 bibles, besides a sum of 4142l. 4s. 5d. granted to such schools as stood in need of pecuniary assistance. The effect of that attention which the committee paid to petitions for assistance from the principality of Wales begins now to display itself in a manner which promises the most extensive and happy results. It is already ascertained that 115 schools have been established by the society in the counties of Flint, Denbigh, Anglesey, Merioneth, and Caernarvon, in which, upwards of 7000 scholars, who, in all probability, must have still remained in ignorance, are now taught to read and understand their moral obligations both to God and man. Accounts are also expected from all the other counties of a still further augmentation of this number.

For the Literary Magazine.

LONDON BREWERY.

THE following is a statement of the quantity of porter and table beer brewed in London, by the first twelve houses in each line, from the 5th July, 1804, to the 5th July, 1805.

PORTER.	*Barrels.*
Barclay and Perkins	152,500
Meux, Read, and Co.	136,700
Truman, Hanbury, and Co.	126,400
Whitebread and Co.	103,600
Shum, Combe, and Co.	85,100
T. Calvert and Co.	71,200
Goodwyn and Co.	71,100
J. Calvert and Co.	46,200
Elliot and Co.	46,100
Cox and Co.	34,200
Clowes and Co.	34,200
Riley and Co.	32,000

TABLE BEER.	
Kirkman	22,697
Charrington	22,505
Edmonds	18,712
Sandford	15,999
Poullain	15,928
Cape	11,903
Satchell	11,343
Sandall	9,915
Cowell	8,726
Park	8,686
Hoffmann	8,095
Smith	7,954

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE grandson of the earl of W—— had received all the advantages of a learned and polite education; was robust, handsome, ingenious, and learned. His mother's family were noble Florentines; his own religion was that of Rome, in which, however, he was nowise zealous. He changed the catholic for the presbyterian religion, and this change, which excited much public attention, has been thus explained.

While a youth of eighteen, abroad upon his travels, he met miss Tenbrook, a young lady of his own age, the only daughter of a German, settled for many years at London, as a banker. Tenbrook, by indefatigable industry, extensive knowledge, and

great talents in pecuniary concerns, had amassed a fortune of not less than half a million sterling. His fortune was vested in the funds, and the annual produce of it supplied the expences of four prodigal sons, with his own frugal establishment, and that of his only daughter.

Tenbrook's sons were young men not altogether destitute of merit. They had been brought up without the benefits of education; were volatile, impetuous, addicted to expensive pleasures, and superior to that controul which an easy tempered father was capable of claiming over them. They contrived to obtain and to expend nearly the whole of their father's immense income. Little more was left than was barely sufficient to maintain himself in a frugal way.

Their sister, the youngest of the five children, formed an exception to all those rules which some theorists have laid down for explaining the varieties of human character. The temper and habits of her parents, her brothers, her companions, her instructors, found no likeness, no spirit of imitation or conformity in her. Even her person and countenance bespoke no kind of affinity to them. Some superior power had given her beauty, genius, and discretion. Heaven, it seemed, had atoned, by its munificence to her, for its parsimony to the rest of her family. The father's temper, though it could not withhold from the importunities or stratagems of his sons the interest of his fortune, would, by no arts, be prevailed upon to violate the principal. This, however, he intended at his death to divide among his sons, leaving to his daughter a pittance just above nothing. This unequal distribution had been dictated by a narrow and jealous heart, wrought upon by the artifices of the youngest and most worthless of his sons, whose resentment his sister had provoked by rescuing him, against his will, from the fangs of a profligate mistress. This unbrotherly plotter had instilled into the old man doubts of the fidelity of his deceased wife, the plotter's own mother. To this end his ingenious malice had made the very virtues and graces of his sister instrumental. In these respects she differed from the family as widely as she closely resembled one of her mother's friends. To complete the ruin of the young lady, a husband was provided for her, whom her principles and inclinations equally rejected. To shun a forced marriage she took refuge with a female friend, whom she accompanied to Italy, and with whom she was found by the grandson of the earl of W——.

This youth's family were among the most ancient and illustrious families in Britain. The present earl was an enthusiast in his religion, which was Romish; deeply imbued with the prejudice of birth; anxious to preserve the purity of his blood; and, at the same time, to restore his line to its due elevation, by the marriage of his grandson to his cousin, the heiress of the elder and more wealthy branch of his family. To this cousin the young man had already been contracted, and the contract was to be completed on her reaching sixteen.

In these circumstances commenced an intimacy between the young man and Mary Tenbrook, a girl excellent, indeed, in person and mind, but stigmatized as illegitimate, and renounced by her own father; sprung from a German fugitive and pedlar, the imputations on whose early life his subsequent prosperity had not entirely effaced; a sincere devotee to the presbyterian faith; and a woman entirely exempted from the desire to be either great or rich. The young man had passed much of his life in Italy, from which country his mother had derived her birth, and where he had numerous relations, one of whom was a cardinal and bishop. His education had been adapted to inspire him with all the sentiments suitable to his birth, his religion, and his future prospects. How, then, shall we explain the attachment which this young man con-

ceived for Mary Tenbrook? How shall we account for an influence obtained without stratagem, and even without an effort of any kind? Nay, such was the lady's moderation and good sense, such was her command over her passions, that she for some time directed all her wishes and her efforts to liberate him from a voluntary yoke; to restore him to the path which his own interest and the hopes of his family had traced for him.

After many sincere but ineffectual efforts, the lady's zeal began to relax in one point. She began to fancy something like a providential agency in the events that had happened, and to imagine herself selected as an instrument for converting the young man to her own faith. In this contest she had to contend with learning, ingenuity, a faith, if not conformable to truth, yet embraced with ardour and sincerity, and fortified by every species of prejudice. Yet nobody perhaps will be surprised at her success, who remembers that her convert was in love, and that the acceptance of his vows, though not the promised recompence of his conversion, was absolutely hopeless without it.

If this change be a memorable example of the triumph of passion over reason in him, her consent to a clandestine marriage was perhaps a no less memorable proof of the same thing in her. To this close their affairs were, however, gradually brought, after numberless struggles and misgivings on both sides, for four years. The ceremony took place on the eve of his return to his own country, on a mandate of his grandfather to that purpose. The old lord was anxious to complete the great hope of his life before he took his final leave of it. The heiress of C—— had now attained her sixteenth year, and the grandfather rejoiced that his worn-out constitution had lasted, though scarcely it had lasted, to a period so auspicious.

A more melancholy journey than that of the young man to England cannot easily be conceived. He was going to overwhelm his venerable parent with the bitterest disappointment; to abjure, in his presence, that religion in which he had been brought up, which his grandfather deemed indipensable to his honour here, and his salvation hereafter. If the infamy of such apostacy were capable of aggravation, it would be aggravated beyond measure by the sex, age, and station of the author of the change. If this calamity could be made more heavy, there was added to it a clandestine marriage, disqualified by every circumstance to afford him any satisfaction on its own account, and frustrating, in its consequences, all his darling projects for securing the honour, exalting the lustre, and maintaining the faith of his family. The young man ran over, in his mind, the catalogue of benefits which he had received from his parent, and the inevitable death which the hastening interview was preparing for him. To these considerations, to which his generous mind annexed most weight, he could not forget to add the total loss of property. Such complicated transgressions would undoubtedly induce his grandfather to bequeath his whole estate to the representative of the elder branch. To be left totally without subsistence was an inevitable consequence: and such was his unhappy fate, that he had exasperated, in a still more flagrant degree, his maternal kindred, and forfeited their countenance and favour.

Immersed in these mournful reflections, he arrived in London. Every hour which brought him nearer to his grandfather, augmented his terror of the meeting. How to extricate himself from his disastrous situation, he knew not. Sometimes he resolved to wave a personal interview, and acquaint the earl with the melancholy truth by letter. Sometimes he determined to return, in secret and disguised, to his wife, and retire with her to some unknown and sequestered asylum, where, abjuring his name and rank, he might pass the rest of his days

in quiet and obscurity. The more he reflected upon the latter scheme, the more eligible it became. His connection with miss Tenbrook was as yet an unsuspected secret. His sudden disappearance, while thus upon his journey to his paternal residence, would be ascribed to any cause but the true one. His grandfather would be saved the pain of knowing the extent of his offences, and his death would give the fugitive the right of re-appearing in his proper character, and claiming his inheritance. He had little hope, indeed, of persuading his wife into acquiescence with his scheme, but on this little hope he chose to build, and on the third day of his arrival in England, he carried his design into execution.

The surprise, the conjectures, the searches occasioned by this disappearance may be easily imagined. The heir of so illustrious a house could not be missing for an hour without emotions that extended beyond the circle of his own family. So well laid, however, was his scheme, so artful his disguise, that no tidings could be gained of him, and week after week, and month after month, passed away without affording to the family the smallest clue to his retreat, or the slightest evidence of his being dead or living.

His hopes, with regard to his wife, were entirely defeated by her obstinacy. She disapproved his conduct; she refused to sanction or countenance it in any manner; and nothing but the dread of what his despair might dictate, prevented her from apprising the old earl of the whole truth. Though she would not bear him company, she was prevailed upon to keep his secret; and they parted with a declared resolution, on her side, of never acknowledging or receiving him as her husband, till he chose to act with candour and uprightness; and a determination, on his, of burying himself in some remote place till his grandfather's decease should smooth the way to his return.

Here was a romantic situation! A fancy that delights in the strange and new would be amply gratified by the tale of his subsequent adventures; but it is not in our power minutely to relate them. All we know is, that his mysteries involved him in many troubles and embarrassments; and that, after two years wandering, he came to the resolution of resuming his own character, and returning to his family. He made up his mind to encounter firmly all the consequences of a disclosure of his situation.

A second time, with these views, he arrived in London, and sat down to inform the aged earl of his intended visit. In the task he was interrupted by a passage in a newspaper, which informed him that his kinsman was dead. This event removed all difficulties in his way. His claim to the succession was barred by no will and no competitor, and miss Tenbrook consented, in due time, to a second and public marriage.

This event, which placed his daughter in a station so exalted, had some influence in appeasing the resentment and ill-will of the father. This kindly sentiment, however, was for some time prevented from ripening into a cordial reconcilement, by the arts of him who had originally caused the breach. This young man's career, however, was brought by his vices to an untimely close. He quarrelled and fought with a friend about the very courtezan whom his sister had formerly prevented him from marrying, and received a wound, of which, a few days after, he died. He died not, however, before his compunction had obtained his sister's forgiveness, and restored her to her father's favour.

The three surviving brothers had been separated, at an early age, by their rival claims and mutual envy. They agreed in nothing but in fleecing their father of his money, and spending it in riot and extravagance. Their sister was extremely anxious to reclaim and reconcile them, but the task, notwithstanding all her

efforts, was very imperfectly accomplished. Many years had elapsed since they had met, and an accident which brought them to London at the same time, afforded an opportunity for the sister to converse with them in person. After much reasoning and persuasion, they consented to meet at her house, on friendly terms: but see the mysterious workings of destiny! After dining together in harmony, they proceeded to pay a visit to their father. For this purpose they took a boat to cross the Thames. A sudden gust of wind, aided by the unskillfulness of the waterman, overturned the boat, and being never taught to swim, the three were drowned. The father survived his loss but a little while, and, dying, bequeathed his whole fortune to his surviving child, and her descendants.

Such are the outlines of part of the history of one of the noblest families in Great Britain, as given in a late publication. What a fine groundwork would this be for invention to improve and build upon! Unfortunately, the aid of invention is indispensable, since the very authenticity of the general facts places the minuter particulars entirely out of our reach.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. V.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
GRAY.

To the Reflector.

SIR,

LOOKING over a part of the Roman history, some time ago, I was struck with the singularity of the conduct of the emperor Vespasian, who, it appears, was accustomed to note the transactions of each day; and, when he found a day had passed over without being of service to any one, he was accustomed to exclaim, "My friends, I have lost a day." It appears that he was well acquainted with the value of time, and the manner in which it should be passed. That day which had elapsed, without the performance of a good action, he considered as lost. In his opinion, time was not valuable for itself, not because to him it would end with the termination of his life; no, it was because, while it elapsed, it gave him an opportunity of occupying it to the advantage of his fellow-creatures, the splendour of his empire, and the approbation of his own heart.

Something like this would doubtless be serviceable to every man, whether he sways the rod of empire, like Vespasian, over the greatest part of the world, or only within the narrow boundaries of his own habitation. It would be found no unprofitable pursuit, to preserve some memorial of the transactions of those days which pass away unheeded as the passing wind; he would thereby discover what portion of his time had passed away in the commission of ill, what portion in the promotion of virtue, and what in the slumbers of indifference.

Warm with the new-born notion, I asked myself, why may not I too write a journal, or a diary, or whatever name it bears, no matter? It is true I feel I am no emperor, but I dare imitate one. But am I not a ruler over this little frame of mine? Certainly the soul, or, if you will, the mind, of man, is to his body what an emperor is to an empire; it is a little world of itself; its inhabitants, like so many different nations, continually at variance with each other; and, though it is on a smaller scale, philosophers find it as difficult to comprehend the one as the other. All these varying nations, or to speak plainer English, these passions, require the firmness of the hero, and the wisdom of the sage, to keep them in subjection to the will of the soul,

the supreme arbitrator of all its differences, and ruler of all its motions.

Every thing was prepared for the adoption of my plan, and every evening beheld me seated to review the transactions of the departed day; but, like Solomon of ancient times, in his search after happiness, I found it was all vanity and vexation of spirit: I found nothing to console me for my labour. The retrospect presented a universal blank, a barren inhospitable desart, where not a spot of verdure erected its green head above the glittering waste of sand. I saw no action which wore impressed upon its surface the broad and shining stamp of merit. Incidents were not wanting; but those which were not of a nature more nearly allied to vice than virtue, were of too insignificant a nature to be classed among those of a meritorious cast. Full of disappointment, I leaned my aching head on my arm, in that kind of desponding situation which disappointment usually occasions, and gave myself up to reflection. At length I resolved to write an account of every thing which had happened to me, with my reflections, and consequent resolutions, and send it to you for your inspection.

January 1*st*, 1805. Laboured hard at my trade, yet to little account; several things occurred to interrupt me, at which I betrayed no little impatience. Resolved to endeavour to acquire more patience.

2*nd*. Laboured as hard as I did yesterday, but to as little purpose.

18*th*. All the intermediate time much in the same manner. Resolved to become a very useful member of society, by performing something which would greatly benefit mankind. In the evening read anecdotes of the life of Howard: my former resolutions strengthed.

19*th*. Work as usual. My mind occupied with reflections on the best means of serving the public. Very angry at a neighbour, for requesting me to assist in erecting a stove. Thinking on this in the evening, excused myself by recalling to mind the important nature of my reflections, for acting the part of a disobliging neighbour.

20*th*. Work as usual. In the midst of my employment, a beggar earnestly solicited a few cents to buy a loaf of bread. Said some harsh things to him; became sorry for it; pitied his situation, but had no money to give him. Borrowed some.

24*th*. Worked the three last days, my mind occupied with reflections tending to the good of mankind. Very much dejected at the scarcity of money, which prevented me from executing my great plan. Repaid the borrowed money.

25*th*. Passing through the streets, I made one of a mob, and eventually received a severe beating, for exerting myself in favour of a negro, who was abused for no other reason than because Heaven had been pleased to make him black.

It is useless to trouble you with any further extracts from my diary. It is sufficient to say, the memorandums of a year's transactions were equally common, trifling, and uninteresting.

Thus one whole year of my life has elapsed, without the performance of any deed on which memory can dwell with just satisfaction. You will observe, I had, early in the year, determined to make myself useful to mankind; that, notwithstanding, one whole year has passed away, and the great business is not yet commenced. When Vespasian had passed one unprofitable day, he considered it as lost. Judging by the same rule, how many days are lost to me for ever! not one, but three hundred and sixty-five are swept into the unfathomable abyss of eternity, and laid on the bosom of recollection, without the smallest recompense for the weight of the burthen. Alas! the past cannot be recalled; the future approaches, but it brings no treasures in its course, nor presents a prospect in the least degree more flattering. Now, in the spring of life, when the heart (if ever it is) is tremblingly alive to every noble impulse, I have performed nothing.

What then can be expected, when age shall weaken my powers, when every warmer feeling will be chilled by the winter of indifference, or their sphere of action confined within the narrow banks of selfishness or disgust? Still the mind cannot quit the contemplation of the subject, without forming one, perhaps vain wish, that some unexpected event may yet forward the execution of my plan; and Hope, the "sweet deceiver," whispers, that though, like the sun, when enveloped in morning mist, my rising has been unprofitable and obscure, I may yet set in usefulness and glory.

MALTRONIO.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

The following poem, written by the late Dr. Carlisle, of the British navy, breathes sentiments so exalted of the Divine Being, and so ardent in the support of virtue, as the source of all human happiness, that I have taken the liberty of transcribing it from the original MS. for your valuable Magazine, and shall be happy to see it occupy a place there. I am, &c.

A READER.

Philadelphia, August 12, 1805.

ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Addressed to a Friend.

O THOU whom age itself can ne'er controul,
Nor damp the ardour of thy classic soul;
Thou whom no wealth or pleasure could despoil,
Who only lives for others' health by toil;
Say, C———y, say, for surely you can tell,
What virtue is, who practise it so well?
Say, where inhabits this sultana queen,
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen?
By what sure marks her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place,
Sets up some fancied idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
Whoe'er their sense of virtue would express,
'Tis still by something which themselves possess;
But have we then no law besides our will,
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?

Would we but search for what we were design'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind,
A rule of life we there would plainly see,
And to pursue that end must virtue be.
Then what is that? There wants not pow'r or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
For thousand suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where, form'd with wond'rous art,
Ten thousand species live through ev'ry part;
In every tract of ocean, earth, or skies,
Myriads of creatures still successive rise;
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the simplest weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
All form'd with varying faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care.
The great Creator, from his heavenly throne,
Pleas'd on the wide expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That each co-operate in the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it and obeys:
Each form'd for all promotes through private care
The public good, and justly takes its share,
Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,
But slave to Vice, to Vanity, and Pride,
'Tis he that, deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others' woe, and courts his own.

How easy is our yoke! How light our load,
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God.
For his own sake no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task;
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust;
For these are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety virtue's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws,
For such by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our interest is the same.

How little they God's counsels comprehend,
Who make him tyrant, when our bounteous friend.
This globe he form'd in goodness to mankind,
Our gay, our sportive nursery assign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feasts us with every joy our state can bear;
While scarce an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;
Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly he chides, sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made
To earn superior bliss when this shall fade:
For soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
His hand will lead us to sublimer joy,
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry up every tear,
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bless and virtue grow with like increase.

O would mankind but make these truths their guide,
And free themselves from insolence and pride,
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail.

None would hereafter then, with groundless fear,
Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe;
To please him none would foolishly forbear
Or food or rest, or itch in shirts of hair;
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice have for any tenet's sake,
Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And heaven too narrow to contain mankind.

No servile tenets would admittance find,
Destructive of the rights of human kind,
Unbridled power, hereditary right,
And non-resistance to a tyrant's might;
For sure that all should thus for one be curst,
Is but great nature's blest design revers'd;
No more our sage interpreters of laws
Would fatten on absurdities and flaws,
But nobly careful of their sacred trust,
Would strive like C———y to be good and just.

No more applause would on Ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy;

Virtue, with Happiness her consort join'd,
Would harmonize and bless all human kind.

For the Literary Magazine.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

SALT of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind;
Admit my humble name with yours,
An equal rank to find.

Where Misery spreads her deepest shade,
Let my compassion glow;
From my blest lips the balm distil,
That softens mortal woe.

By dying beds, in prison glooms,
My frequent steps be found;
An angel let me hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.

Be mine to wash with tears the page,
Which human crimes deform;
When vengeance threats, my prayers ascend,
And break the gathering storm.

As down the summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide;
Steer upward thou my steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.

Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure;
Unspotted still my robe be found;
My hands be ever pure.

Mine be the large expansive thought,
The high heroic deed;
Exile and chains to me be dear;
And count it sweet to bleed.

And let me lift the warning voice,
When public ills prevail;
Mine be the writing on the wall,
That turns the tyrant pale.

May dogs of hell my steps pursue,
With scoff, and shame, and loss;
The hemlock bowl be mine to drain,
To taste the bitter cross.

In earthly bonds, of mortal mould,
Be not the prize I ask;
Blameless in Heaven's pure eyes to stand,
Be my sole endless task.

O.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. OWEN BIDDLE, architect of Philadelphia, a young man, whose taste, genius, and enterprise lay strong claim to approbation, has just published a work, entitled, The Young Carpenter's Assistant; or, a System of Architecture, adapted to the style of building customary in the United States. He has embellished his work with valuable designs and elevations of some of the principal structures in the city of Philadelphia, and with plans and descriptions of the bridge over Schuylkill.

One of the most learned and elaborate works produced by an American, since the revolution, is the Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, by the Rev. Dr. Miller of New York. It has lately been re-published by J. Johnson, in London, in three neat octavo volumes. As this author bestows more attention on the arts and literature of America than any other work of the same importance, it is pleasing to reflect, that by means of its circulation and popularity in Europe, some credit may be reflected upon us in addition to that to which this work itself will give us a title.

A gentleman, of Philadelphia, well known for his literature and his taste, has just published a work, which he entitles "American Letters." They were written by the author while travelling in Switzerland and Italy, and contain a rapid, but vivid and picturesque sketch of two of the most celebrated countries in the world. A more particular account of these elegant volumes will be given in a future number.